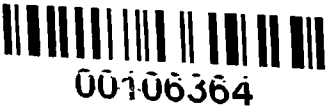
GOD
359
Ken/Spo
106364

00106364

NOT TO BE ISSUED OUT
WITHOUT PERMISSION.



Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019

SPORT IN THE NAVY AND NAVAL YARNS

GOD
359
Ken/Spo
106364

SPORT IN THE NAVY

AND

NAVAL YARNS

BY

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM KENNEDY K.C.B

AUTHOR OF "HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR"
ETC ETC

106364

FC
24/2/71.

Lx-C-35

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

WESTMINSTER
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO LTD
2 WHITEHALL GARDENS
1902

BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MEDITERRANEAN	9
CHINA	25
THE PACIFIC STATION	33
BERMUDA	49
JAMAICA	73
THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE STATION	81
THE "LORD WARDEN"	91
THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA	97
THE EAST INDIES STATION	123
CALCUTTA—THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS	159
BLACKBUCK SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA	167
BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES	175
BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN INDIA	189
DUCK SHOOTING NEAR KARACHI	201

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE PERSIAN GULF AND BAGDAD	209
A TRIP TO BAGDAD	217
SCANDINAVIA	227
REINDEER STALKING IN NORWAY	253
SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY	263
TROUT FISHING IN SWEDISH LAKES AND RIVERS	277
DEER STALKING IN SCOTLAND	293

THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Mediterranean

A YEAR or so ago I contributed some articles on Sport in the Navy to the *Navy and Army Illustrated*, which I now, by permission of the editor, reproduce, together with a few yarns which would have been out of place in that journal. In those articles I made no mention of the Mediterranean, but since they were written I have had the opportunity of enjoying a cruise on the coast of Albania with my cousin, Admiral Sir John Baird, so I have added a few remarks on the sport to be obtained there and in Egypt, which I subsequently visited.

Three months on board the *Otter-*

hound, Baird's yacht, passed most pleasantly. Sport was fairly good, especially at Phanari, where I was wrecked some thirty-five years ago. The place looked much the same, but of the inhabitants, only one, "Anastasia," remained, who remembered that catastrophe—he having entertained us at the time. The old fellow gave us a hearty welcome, and his two sons proved excellent shikarees. The season was not a good one; cock were not plentiful, and heavy rains had flooded the marshes, driving snipe away. Still we managed to bag twenty to thirty cock a day, with a sprinkling of duck and teal—enough to satisfy any sportsman, but in a good season double that number may be secured.

An occasional run over to Corfu was an agreeable change. The island has deteriorated much since the English occupation; roads are bad, and money

is scarce. Nevertheless Corfu is not a bad place to spend a few months in the winter time. The climate is delightful, the scenery lovely, and the English society, though limited, is charming. There is an English Church and a most popular and genial old clergyman, besides many nice people passing through. The hotels are fairly good, and living is cheap.

The Albanians on the mainland are a capital set of fellows, always ready for a pig hunt, when they bring their dogs. Brigandage is unknown, except in the interior, when an occasional missionary comes in their way, but sportsmen are always welcome.

It has been proposed to turn the late Empress of Austria's beautiful palace into a gambling hell, like Monte Carlo, but I believe the King will not sanction such an outrage, which would certainly

bring money into the place, but would also flood it with the scum of Europe.

From Corfu I took a passage in one of the fine steamers of the Rubbatino Company to Patras, where I renewed acquaintance with my old friend Mr. Wood, His Majesty's Consul, whose parents had been so kind to me and my shipmates after our misadventure.

From thence I proceeded by rail to Athens, and by a dirty Russian boat to Alexandria.

It is not permitted to bring cartridges into Egypt, such articles being a Government monopoly, but by a little stratagem, which need not be explained, I managed to pass a few hundreds through the Custom House. These proved most useful, and I enjoyed some fair quail shooting in the fields about Helouan, near Cairo; wild fowl are also plentiful, but are mostly preserved by

the Pashas. This difficulty can however be overcome by a judicious distribution of "Backsheesh," which I found very effective, and I made some very fair bags of those wily birds.

But besides Albania and Egypt, there is grand sport to be obtained all over the Mediterranean, as every naval officer knows — cock, snipe, duck, pig and deer and chamois; red-deer at Dragomestra; ibex in Antimilo and Karamania; moufflon and boars in Sardinia and Corsica; red-legged partridges at Ayas Bay, and on all the islands of the Greek Archipelago, and on the African coast, etc., etc.

In former days but few of Her Majesty's ships had the chance of sport, which was confined to small craft and detached cruisers, but now a different system prevails, and small squadrons are regularly detailed to visit Corfu, Platea (for tor-

pedo practice) and other ports, where first-rate sport is obtained. Naval officers are, as a rule, keen sportsmen, from the admiral downwards, whereas in the old days of sailing ships they had not the chance, nor were they "built that way," more power to the new régime, say I.

The shooting in Albania is being played out, as it is in most parts of the world. This is partly due to the number of steam yachts which congregate there every season, bringing out crowds of sportsmen armed with all the latest weapons, but the native sportsman is also responsible. During the month of November, 1891, one thousand woodcock per week were exported from the island of Corfu alone, and they were selling in the market at sixpence a couple. The professionals were on the ground at daylight, and simply wiped them out. In

December there was not a bird left in the island, and but few on the mainland, or at all events on the coast, until the snow on the mountains drove them down.

These birds seem to be rather larger than our British specimens. Several I have weighed turned the scale at very nearly one pound; this may be due to good feeding.

To return to the question of sport in the Navy, it is wonderful how things have changed with the times. I cannot fancy one of the old sea dogs in a snipe marsh; he would be more at home on a lee shore in a gale of wind. I remember as a midshipman, asking leave to go ashore; the ship had been three weeks in port, and I had not landed. The commander glared at me for a moment, and thus expressed himself: "Ashore! you're always ashore! Why, the sound isn't out of the cable yet!"

See what happens now; no sooner is the anchor down than a steam pinnace or picket boat is alongside, and away go a jolly party for the nearest marsh, mids, lieutenants, and possibly the captain or commander, returning in the evening wet, dirty and happy with a mixed bag of cock, snipe and maybe a duck or two, ready for work or anything going. And who is to say the service suffers by it? Quite the contrary, for all work and no play does not suit sailors any more than other folks. On another occasion, as a lieutenant, I was rash enough to ask for a fortnight's leave to go shooting; the ship was on a foreign station, and there was nothing doing. The old chief's wrath was fearful. He stamped and swore, and declared he never heard of such a request; as a compromise, I was given a week, which was no good, as I couldn't get to the

place I wanted to reach. Not that I blame these gallant old fellows; they didn't understand sporting tastes, not having been brought up to it; splendid seamen and strict disciplinarians they were, and had other things to attend to.

The warrant officers are also of a different stamp to the old lot, superior in most respects, and better educated. The old bo'sun is no longer to be seen; a fine fellow he was, past-master at his business, and somewhat addicted to grog. I remember coming across an old shipmate of this class, who had retired on his well-earned pension, and was living in a cottage by the sea, and was delighted to see me and have a yarn.

"Well, 'Pipes,'" said I, "you seem comfortable here; all night in, and no cares."

"Yes, sir," he said, "I'm quite happy.

I pays a boy sixpence a week to call me every morning at daylight, and say 'Please, sir, the capten wants you.'"

"Whatever do you do that for?" said I.

"Well, sir, it's this way; having been sent for by the capten every morning all my life, it *is* some satisfaction to be able to say to the boy, 'Tell the capten to go to hell!' and then I turn round and goes to sleep again. Step inside and have a glass of rum for old times. You may remember old 'Trunnion,' our gunner," he continued; "well, he lives just over the way. I'll send for him"—and he did.

"Well, Trunnion, and how have you been all this time?" I inquired.

"After you left us, sir, I went on diving, as you may remember. Well, one day when I was down, the black-

guards left off pumping and nearly did for me. After that I sold my 'elmet, and never *dove* again! I took my pension, and here I am, as you see, hale and hearty."

Nowadays all His Majesty's ships carry a band, and a great boon it is; even small craft endeavour to have some sort of music, commonly called a "squeegee" band, but in the *Rodney* in Crimean days we had none. Our skipper wouldn't have one: said he had no ear for music; but we possessed a bugler, who played at the captain's dinner!"

There is a story told of an admiral who, after listening to a solo on the piccolo (the band was playing on the quarter deck), rushed out of his cabin in a fury and, pointing to the piccolo player, exclaimed, "Here, I won't have it! That man is doing all the work,

and the rest of them looking on, the skulking scoundrels; they are all paid alike, and they shall play alike. Stop their leave and grog. . . ."

There used to be a good deal of discontent on the lower deck of some of Her Majesty's ships at that time, on account of bad food and shortness of leave, etc. Blue-jackets have a curious way of showing their disapproval by cutting ropes and throwing gun sights overboard, etc. Such a thing had occurred on board the ————, so the commander, a well-known character, preached a sermon to the ship's company, and discoursed on the certainty of punishment for sin, in a future state, winding up with "All the same, I'd like to know the blackguard who cut the laniards of the lower rigging; I'd give him four dozen, without waiting for the future."

I shall now close this chapter on the Mediterranean ; the ground is so familiar to naval and military officers and yachtsmen, who know far more about the sport there than I ever did.

CHINA

China

IF my knowledge of sport in the Mediterranean be scant, it is still more so as regards China, for during the three years I was on that station, 1856–7-8, we were constantly at war, and had plenty to do without thinking of sport; but it is a grand station for all-round shooting, as most sailors can testify. Pheasants, deer, duck and snipe up the Shanghai River, snipe and wild fowl on the banks of the Canton River, pheasants and deer in Japan, and both shooting and fishing in the Gulf of Tartary; but for us there was none of it—a few snipe or teal in the paddy fields, with a pro-

spect of being chased and potted by Chinese soldiers. I had some close shaves, and was once chased by some scoundrels at Kowloon, opposite Hong Kong, and narrowly escaped with my life.

One day a marine was tried at Hong Kong for some act of insubordination. Now a naval court martial is a very solemn affair; it is also a just one. But I have sometimes observed that even on the most solemn occasions there is a comical side to it. In the present case the court was sworn in the usual manner, the officers comprising it standing up, in cocked hats and epaulettes, whilst they kiss the Book and swear to "administer justice without favour," etc., etc. The prisoner is then asked by the judge advocate if he objects to any member of the court, usually a mere form, as an objection is seldom made. But this marine thought otherwise.

"Yes," said he; "I objects to th' 'ole blooming lot of yer, especially the bald-headed old beggar at the 'ed of the table!"

I forget what the sentence was.

At another court martial, some years afterwards, at which I was junior member (a case of collision), one of Her Majesty's ships had run into and sunk a merchant steamer in a fog; as usual in such cases, there was a lot of hard swearing on both sides. A quarter-master was in the box as a witness, on behalf of his captain. Having been sworn, the worthy salt awaited the first question. It was evident he was bursting to say what he could to clear his captain.

Question by the president—

"Quartermaster, did it strike you that——"

"Strike *me*, sir? No, sir, she never struck *me*; she struck us just abaft the

main chains, and she had no lights or look outs, I'll take my oath. We was steering E. by S.½S. and she came bang into us before I could shift my 'elm. No, sir, she never struck *me*."

"Silence!" roared the president, when the poor fellow paused to take breath.

"Oh yes, sir!" he started off again. "We was silent, and every man stood to his post; but the row on board that there craft was awful, and the language was such as I never 'eard even on the lower deck. I couldn't repeat it if you was to order me——" And so he went on till turned out, still shouting that "she never struck me," and apparently at a loss to understand why he wasn't allowed to speak his mind.

Whilst we were at Hong Kong a gunboat was inspected by the admiral—an important event, especially for the

commanding officer. Now one of the things the commander-in-chief was most particular about was the state and condition of the marine detachment. But, alas! on board the *Bouncer* not a helmet or a knapsack could be produced, such items having been thrown overboard long since. However, the commander was equal to the occasion, and borrowed these articles from the flag ship. The little craft was really in very good order, and the admiral complimented the captain on the efficiency of his ship, more especially the *creditable appearance of the marines*. The best of the joke was that the helmets, knapsacks, etc., were returned to the flag ship in the bows of the barge when the admiral left.

I shall now strike westward, to more familiar grounds, taking the stations in rotation, and beginning with the Pacific, where I had three pleasant years in com-

mand of the *Reindeer*, and for the first time in my life found myself in the position of being my own master, without having to ask leave to go ashore.

THE PACIFIC STATION

The Pacific Station

THIS station has, or had, the reputation of not being of much account for sport; in fact, before I went there in 1871 I was told so, but such was not my experience. Compared with the south-east coast of South America, it is certainly inferior; but on all parts of the station, from Valparaiso to Vancouver, good shooting may be had by any one who will work for it, the sport improving as one goes northward. Thus in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso some fair partridge (Tinamou) shooting may be had by going up the line of the Santiago Railway, and at Coquimbo duck and golden plover may be included

in the bag. Sometimes the shooting is from horseback, and I heard of one sportsman who, unaccustomed to that style, blew off his horse's ears when following his bird.

On the island of Juan Fernandez there are wild goats, descendants of those found there by Alexander Selkirk when he was marooned, and we secured some fine heads with the rifle.

Excellent sea fishing is also to be had at this place.

I am afraid I got myself disliked at the Admiralty for my report on this island. I had given a truthful and, as I considered, a graphic account of the place, but unfortunately added a little joke which was not appreciated.

I mentioned that in a cave which had undoubtedly been used by Selkirk, we found a paper collar with the initials "R. C." (Robinson Crusoe) on it. My

report was promptly consigned to the waste-paper basket, and all the valuable information lost!

Proceeding north we come to Callao, where there is not much to be done, but at Huacho, Supe and Payta, some first-rate duck shooting can be got. At the latter place no rain had fallen for twenty-eight years, and water was so scarce that we were requested not to use baths at the one miserable hotel where we stayed the night, but that if we did, we were particularly cautioned not to use *soap*, as the water was wanted afterwards for tea!

As we had no parson on board the *Reindeer*, we were always glad when a shore-going "sky pilot" offered his services on Sunday. One of these gentlemen kindly came on board and gave us an eloquent discourse, in which he indulged in some nautical expressions

which amused us greatly. Alluding, I suppose, to the "Anchor of Hope," he warned his audience "not to trust to the soft and treacherous *mud*," but "to let go the anchor on the firm and solid rock, with the land close aboard under their lee," winding up with the hope that "the Lord would be as a rock in our midst and a circle of fire around us." I am afraid this was rather over the heads of the bluejackets, who seemed to think his reverence had got somewhat mixed. However, it afforded them food for reflection, and an argument on the forecastle afterwards.

At Panama one can get a little sport, if not deterred by the heat; there are small deer in the forests, and plenty of duck in the Pacora River, but the alligators swarm, and one must be careful. I had a duck taken almost out of my hand by one of these brutes. The Galapagos

Islands are well worth a visit. Lying, as they do, directly under the Equator, one would expect to find them excessively hot, but such is not the case, the heat being tempered by the fresh trade wind which blows all the year round.

These islands were formerly celebrated for the giant tortoises which inhabited them, but the whalers have well nigh exterminated them. On Charles Island herds of wild cattle roam unmolested, descendants of those introduced by the Spaniards ; also wild goats, donkeys and domestic fowl run wild. The lower slopes of the island are barren and destitute of verdure, covered with cinders and lava, all the group being of volcanic origin, but no active volcano exists at the present time. At the height of 1,000 feet one reaches a beautiful park-like country, well timbered, and adorned with fruit and flowers ; the climate at this altitude

is bracing and salubrious. We enjoyed some wild cattle hunting, and I killed two fine bulls before breakfast; one, which I had wounded, charged, when I killed him with a ball in the forehead at five yards. We also got some teal on this island, and ducks, flamingoes and spoonbills on James Island. Fish are abundant, and seals numerous, ; we shot several, but their skins were worthless.

The coast of Mexico is about the best part of the station for wild fowl. At Acapulco, Mansanillo, Mazatlan and San Blas, good duck shooting is to be obtained at easy distance from the ship, also deer and "chachalacas," a kind of pheasant, but inferior to that bird. At Tepic, a city some fifty-six miles inland from San Blas, where I stayed for six weeks during a revolution, I had capital sport among the ducks and snipe, also hunting wild cattle on the plains.

Proceeding further north to the Gulf of California, we visited La Paz, where they have a pearl fishery. Deer are to be found in this locality, also on all the islands in the gulf, but the heat is very great and rattlesnakes numerous. Guaymas, one of the best harbours on the coast, and also the hottest, is a good shooting ground; deer are tolerably plentiful, also hares of gigantic size. But for all-round sport with rod, gun and rifle, combined with a fine climate, beautiful scenery and pleasant society, commend me to Vancouver Island. Here one can sleep under a blanket, and shoot or fish all day as in Scotland, and in the same clothes; and I know no more delightful occupation than wandering through the woods with gun or rifle, or trolling for salmon in the lovely harbour of Esquimalt.

In the immediate neighbourhood of

the anchorage black-tailed deer used to be fairly numerous in the seventies; they might be stalked with the rifle in the early morn and evening, or killed with buck shot as they jumped out of the bracken, and I seldom left the ship without bringing back a fine buck in the bows of the boat.

An amusing thing happened to me one day when I was out hunting in the woods with the doctor of the hospital, a keen sportsman. We were wending our way home, when we sighted a farm house. The doctor told me that a very religious old woman lived there, but what concerned me more was seeing a flock of wild ducks on the pond near by. They rose at our approach and I knocked down a brace, which my dog proceeded to retrieve, disturbing a lot of tame ducks on the pond. Whilst I was encouraging my dog from the bank out came the

religious old party, and began abusing me in a way that would have silenced a Billingsgate fish woman; she called me all the names under the sun. Shouting across the water, I retorted to the best of my ability, whereupon she said she would give me "what for," and rushed into the house to fetch her "old man's" gun, when I thought it time to clear out, leaving her master of the situation; the doctor had meanwhile been looking on, laughing his sides out, as the old cat was well known to him as a perfect virago. I had some good days on Admiral and Thetis Islands, hunting deer and shooting blue and willow grouse.

In the interior of the islands wapiti and bears are found, but one would have to go far inland and camp out, which is not always easy for a naval officer, unless he be the admiral or senior officer on the station.

Californian quail are numerous on the island, but are not indigenous, and pheasants have been introduced by Mr. Roland Stewart and have done well.

Esquimalt harbour is the only place that I know of where salmon will take a bait in salt water, and refuse the fly in fresh. A spoon is the best bait; the Indians use a herring attached to a short line made fast to their paddle, which gives the bait a spin with every stroke.

I think I have touched lightly on the sport to be obtained on the Pacific Station from one end of it to the other.

Some years subsequently I again visited that part of the world, when I took the old *Liffey* under sail round the Horn to Valparaiso, and left her at Coquimbo, from whence I came home overland via Panama, Colon and New York. It was blowing a norther when I got to Colon, and the mail steamer had not arrived,

so I took my passage in a small American steamer for New York. The agent informed me that she was a very old craft, and generally broke down, and he fully expected her to go down some day. I booked at once, thinking there would not be many passengers in such a craft; nor were there, but I had a most amusing voyage. The skipper was a good seaman, with a fine flow of language, a specimen of which I soon had the opportunity of hearing, for sure enough the engines broke down before we were twenty-four hours out, and the exchange of compliments between the skipper on deck and the engineer down below was a caution. However, they soon got things sorted, and the rest of the voyage was pleasant and uneventful. We had a few passengers, among them a young Californian widow; she was only twenty-eight years of age, and had been married already

three times, and was ready for a fourth. She told me that one of her husbands kept a saloon in California, and that she had seen seven men shot there before breakfast; her last husband, she said, was the "smartest man she ever struck; he never went back on his father or shook his mother." Whether this amiable individual was shot at his own bar or not, I am unable to say.

Among the other passengers was a quiet, silent man who did not mix with the rest, but, being a seafaring man, he occasionally had a yarn with me. One day in the smoking room he told me his history. He was first mate in an American clipper ship at San Francisco, and left her there to come to New York. "Fact is, captain, I *had* to leave. There was a black man on board, and he came for me with a knife——"

"And what happened?"

"Well, sir, I emptied my revolver into him and hit him every time, the last shot in the head. There was a kind of inquiry over the matter, so I found I had a pressing engagement on the other side."

I had no sooner arrived in England than I was appointed to the *Druid*, and sailed for Bermuda, being especially appointed for duty on the Newfoundland station during the fishing season.

The sport on that station will be related in the next chapter.

BERMUDA

Bermuda

SPORT at Bermuda there is none, except sea fishing, which is very good, and boat sailing. I had been there twice before in the *Hero* as lieutenant, and in the *Vestal* as commander, and therefore knew the place well. The first time we had a large fleet assembled in connexion with the "Slidell-Mason" trouble, and a good deal of gaiety went on, amongst other amusements an occasional dignity ball, got up and patronized by the black girls and younger officers. On one of these occasions there was very nearly a catastrophe; all was going on merrily; we were flying round with our dusky partners, who were nicely rigged

out in low white dresses with bright ribbons; the band, consisting of three fiddlers, a banjo and an old cracked piano, in full blast, when down came the chandelier. One of the women's dress caught fire, and everything was in confusion; women screamed, and one fat old party kicked up her heels and went off in hysterics; the music ceased, when a gallant officer rushed in amongst the musicians. "Play, you blackguards, play!" said he, and catching the fat girl, who hadn't danced for forty years, round the waist, sung out, "Dance, dance, you old devil!" The band struck up, the fire extinguished, and the situation saved by the presence of mind of the hero of the evening.

A smart young bluejacket's description of his captain is very fine. A lady, meeting one of the liberty men ashore, stopped him and asked some ridiculous

questions, such as "What ship do you belong to?" "Is she a nice ship?" "How do you like your captain?" and "Is he a nice man?" etc., etc. "Oh yes, ma'am," replied the bluejacket; "he is a very nice man; he goes ashore with his 'at in his 'and" (to play croquet) "with the ladies, and it's 'with your leave here' and 'by your leave there,' and he comes aboard and damns us all round."

I often think that the captains of our passenger ships must have a trying time with the idiotic questions put to them occasionally, and I am reminded of old Judkins' reply to one of this sort. His ship was in a thick fog, on the banks of Newfoundland; the weather was as bad as it could be, and the skipper had been on the bridge all night, when an old lady asked him "if the weather was always like this hereabouts?" "How the hell

do I know, ma'am ? I don't live here," was the indignant answer.

But to return to the *Druid*.

Whilst the ship was in the camber at Bermuda we noticed that immense shoals of bream congregated therein ; so thick were they we couldn't see the bottom for fish, and as they declined the tempting baits we offered them, it was necessary to make an example of them. For this purpose we exploded two charges of fulminate of mercury under the ship's bottom ; the explosion was terrific and shook the ship, and the captain in charge declared that we had shaken the foundations of the dockyard. Be that as it may, the result was greater than we anticipated ; the fish came up in thousands, of all sizes, some enormous rock cod, weighing eighty and one hundred pounds each, but mostly bream. We baled them out and served them round to the fleet,

but the worst of it was, hundreds remained below to come up stinking after several days, and we were employed, till we left for the north, collecting these and taking them out to sea, as a pestilence was feared. I fancy they were very glad when we took our departure.

The North American station has always been popular with naval officers, especially the northern part of it, on account of the sport, the climate and pleasant society. My first acquaintance with Halifax was in the *Hero*, when we spent four delightful months there, and it was then (1864) I was first initiated into the fascinating sport of fly fishing. Our parson was an enthusiastic fisherman, and he took me in hand. The lakes in the neighbourhood were well stocked with trout, and I well remember my first day on Spider Lake, when I caught seven, and thirteen the next; after that my

education was complete, and I was not satisfied with less than four or five dozen. My "opposite number" was Ernest Rice, now an admiral, and we used to work it alternately like buckets in a well. He went off for forty-eight hours into the woods whilst I did his duty as well as my own, keeping watch and watch, till he returned and relieved me, when off I started for Drysdale Lake, some twelve miles away, where I put up the trap at the farmhouse and spent two happy days.

Another favourite place was the Musquadobit River, on the Dartmouth side of the harbour, but I fear all these places are fished out now. Salmon used to be plentiful at the head of the Bedford basin; I have seen them jumping in hundreds in a pool there. It was in Nova Scotia that I killed my first salmon. We went the round of the island in the

Hero, visiting many places, amongst others the Clyde River, where we heard we might get some salmon fishing; so I bought a salmon rod, flies and tackle, and started for the place with Tom Sullivan, one of our officers. We neither of us knew anything about it, but we began fishing below a mill dam, and presently we both hooked fish. Sullivan got broke, but I held on to mine, which led me a pretty dance, and was finally gaffed by one of the lumbermen, who was astonished to see a salmon killed on single gut. "Lor, sir! this is the way we catch 'em!" and, shouldering a huge square net as big as a billiard table, with a long pole attached to it, he sunk it in the water below the dam and left it there whilst he smoked his pipe. The dam completely barred the river, and the fish could not pass it. After some ten minutes or so he lifted the net, and sure

enough there were several fine salmon and big trout in it.

We stopped at a farmhouse that night, got another fish or two next morning, and returned to the ship highly pleased with our first introduction to *Salmo Salar*. I heard of a good place for trout about sixteen miles away, so hiring a trap, I drove there and easily recognized the spot at the junction of two rivers which were running bank high.

Here I found a crazy old punt, so, putting up the horse in a shed, I got into the punt and moored her at the fork of the river and began fishing. The fish were on the feed and my creel began to get heavy, but I fished on heedless of the weather; the rain came down in torrents and the wind blew in violent gusts. I had not noticed that the old punt was gradually filling, when she gave a sheer, and over she went and floated down

stream bottom up. I made for the shore with rod and gear, ran down the bank, got hold of the punt and dragged her up to the same spot, and began fishing again. All this took some time. Presently the same thing happened, and down she went again, but I had enough of it by this time, and, having no dry clothes, I put the horse to and drove off.

Bowling along cheerily with my splendid catch of trout, I was hailed by a farmer. "Hi! you've got the collar upside down." And so I had, not being very well acquainted with horse tackle. However, we soon fixed that up, and it didn't seem to make any difference to the horse. At one place off which we anchored there were only three houses in the place. A big lumberman came on board and remarked to me quite shyly, "The 'City' don't look big from here, do it, sir?"—the three houses

being in a line. We steamed through the Gut of Canso, looked in at Sydney, Cape Breton, a beautiful harbour, where I made a bag of tree grouse, and visited Arichet. Whilst at target practice at this place a curious thing happened. We had finished firing and piped to dinner. During the dinner hour we saw something splashing about a mile away, so we sent a boat to find out what it was, and discovered a huge fish which had been struck by a piece of shell, floundering about on the surface. We towed it ashore, where it became a valuable prize to the fishermen, on account of the oil. It was said to be a horse mackerel, which fish run up to 800 or 1,000 lbs.

One wet and stormy night I relieved the deck at twelve o'clock on board the *Hero*, and happened to remark to my mate, "That's a rotten old coat of yours, B——" "Yes," said he, "but it's better

than that thing the skipper wears!" "Which has the merit of keeping the water out, however, Mr. B.——," gently remarked our captain, who, unseen by us, was standing close by.

Just as we were approaching Halifax for the last time we unfortunately came to grief, and struck heavily on a group of rocks called the Sisters, knocking a hole in the ship, which necessitated her return to England, much to our chagrin, for we had such a happy time at Halifax.

The best part of the station for sport is undoubtedly Newfoundland, but it is only the commodore's ship and the little squadron under his orders detailed for fishery duties that can enjoy it. I was fortunate enough to be senior officer on that portion of the station for three years in succession; and afterwards, whilst on half pay, I again went out there in company with the late Sir Arthur Fowler.

On each occasion I had splendid sport, with rod, rifle and gun, but as I have already fully described the sport to be obtained there, in a book published by Messrs. Blackwood, entitled *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor*, and also in *Sport and Adventures in Newfoundland* by the same eminent firm, I will not recapitulate it here. Suffice that I got all the caribou I wanted in the short time I could spare from the ship, and, having got four or five grand heads each trip, I was content. All these were got by fair stalking, as I do not consider it to be sport to wait for the poor beasts at the water side, as they cross the lakes on their annual migration and shoot them as they land—an amusement only worthy of a pot hunter, though I fear too often practised.

In my time the shooting was free, but the Newfoundland Government have

since put a tax of 100 dollars (£20) for a licence to shoot caribou, and also put restrictions on the number and sex of the animals allowed to be shot; this is aimed at sportsmen visiting the country, whilst the settlers are allowed to slaughter them wholesale, and large consignments of frozen carcases are sent by the local steamers to St. John's. The above tax is not enforced on naval officers on fishing service.

After the French had left the coast I used to strike in, either from the Bay of Islands on the west coast or Hall's Bay on the east, and reached the barrens in from two to three days, when the fun began. A week generally sufficed to get all the deer I wanted, when I returned to the ship.

One day when I was sitting in my cabin in the *Druid*, surrounded by some splendid trophies of the chase, an old

settler came on board to see me, so I asked him down and poured him out a stiff glass of grog. Casting his eyes round the cabin, he observed, "Them's fine heads, capten! But nothing to one I got some years ago. I was a-working up in a brig in this 'ere bay (Hall's Bay), when I spied what I took for a stag in the water, but when I got close to I seed it was a caribou stag a swimming across the bay, so I puts my 'elm down, fetched up my seal gun and killed him, and, if you believe me, his horns were five feet three inches across!" Well, of course I didn't believe him, but, encouraged by another glass, he chatted away, and before he left I said, "What did you say those horns measured?"

"Well, sir, to be strictly accurate, I should say about seven feet four inches." And so the good old man left me.

The caribou of Newfoundland is really

a woodland reindeer, identical with the reindeer of Scandinavia, but far heavier in the body, and with more massive antlers. This I attribute to the superior feeding in Newfoundland—the moss on which they feed being often ankle deep on the barrens; and also to the shelter afforded by the woods, whereas the reindeer lives on the high fjelds of Norway and Sweden, with no shelter whatever from the stormy blast; the moss is also very sparsely distributed, at least, such is my experience. I append a sketch showing the difference in the antlers of the two animals.

The fisherman will find plenty of sport in all the rivers and brooks all over the islands, especially in the Codroy and Salmonier Rivers on the south coast, Hare Bay on the north-east, the Humber River, St. George's Brook, Bonne Bay and Hawkes Bay on the west, and the

Forteau River in Labrador. But every stream in the island holds salmon, grilse, or sea trout, and affords good sport when not barred and netted by the natives. These odious proceedings have been stopped to a great extent by naval officers, and the sport has improved accordingly, notably in the Codroy, where Admiral Fane and Captain Farquhar had splendid sport. The fine river in Hare Bay in the north-east coast used to be barred by a French scoundrel, and was ruined for rod fishing, but I am happy to hear that he has been removed. I reported the circumstance to my colleague, the French commodore, a charming man, but no sportsman, and the only thing he said was, "Oh, the salmon goes up the river?" His own ship's nets barred the little river at La Croe, the headquarters of the French squadron, so what could one expect? Brown trout

are scarce in both lakes and rivers—at least such was my experience, except where there was a fall, above which the salmon could not go, such as at Port-au-Basque and Forteau, where very fine brown trout may be caught, and I have taken as much as my coxswain and self could carry between us at these places. One would suppose that the large lakes in the interior held big trout, but I never heard of any being caught in them. From the third week in May till September is the best time for fishing, after which it is time to put away the rod for the gun or rifle. The mosquitoes and black flies are awful at this season, but disappear with the frosts in September.

Grouse shooting begins August 15, and good sport is obtained on the south coast in the neighbourhood of Trepassy, St. Mary's, La Poile, etc., but in the interior the birds are so tame they afford

no sport, and may often be knocked down with a stick. These birds, locally called *partridge*, are identical with the ryper of Sweden and Norway. Ptarmigan are also found on the high lands; geese and duck are plentiful, snipe scarce, except in the neighbourhood of St. John's; woodcock are not known; the Esquimaux curlew, a delicious bird, is found on the north part of the island and in Labrador. Hares, jack-rabbits, beavers, otters, foxes, martin-cats, are tolerably numerous, and bears are to be occasionally met with. No other deer but caribou exist on the island. A pair of moose were introduced but were never seen again, probably shot by the settlers. Hunting the caribou is the finest sport in Newfoundland; the only difficulty is the porterage, as there are no roads, and everything has to be taken in boats as far as they can go, and then carried

on men's backs to the camping ground on the barrens. Probably the railway has facilitated all this, but that is since my time. A couple of lumbermen (white men) are needed for poling, and an Indian stalker for each rifle. These Micmac Indians are natural born hunters, but the tribe is fast disappearing. Some of the white men are nearly as good, and far more honest; a dollar a day is a fair wage, but the Indians always asked two. All provisions must be obtained from St. John's; pork, flour, tea, sugar, coffee, spirits and tobacco are all that is required; tinned meats are too heavy, but a block of compressed vegetables is a welcome addition to the daily fare. The outfit should consist of a large iron cooking pot, frying pan, coffee or tea pot, plates, knives, forks, spoons and cups; a couple of blankets and a waterproof sheet, two tweed suits, flannel

shirts, thick stockings and boots, but moccasins made from the hock of the caribou are preferable and noiseless.

But I find myself drifting into details, and must conclude this account with the hope that my brother officers will enjoy as good sport as I did in the old colony.

After the fishing season we returned to Halifax, and from thence to Bermuda, preparatory to spending the winter in the West Indies. One of our ships had lately returned to Bermuda from a visit to some American ports, and as she was leaving Charlestown in charge of a Yankee pilot, a rather amusing thing occurred. The captain, a bit of a tartar, given to strong language on occasions, had to find fault with the officer on the forecastle, because the anchor came up foul, or something of the sort. His language on this occasion was certainly not parliamentary, although I believe the

are not very particular even there sometimes. When the captain came aft and resumed his position on the bridge, the pilot thus addressed him—

"Say, capten, you won't be offended if I make an observation?"

"Oh no, my good fellow, certainly not," said the skipper.

"You're quite sure you won't be angry?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Wall, sir; if you had used the same language to me, as you did to that orficer on the forecastle, I'd have knocked your blooming head off."

As this was said before the officers and ship's company, the effect must have been rather surprising.

JAMAICA

Jamaica

FOR three winters in succession I served on or about this lovely island, and a more enjoyable time it would be difficult to imagine. True it is there is no sport there worthy the name. Some teal may be shot of an evening, flighting from the pallisades at Port Royal; wild pigeons, doves and guinea fowl are found in the forests; also quail, but I question if the game is worth the candle. I went after quail one day at Montego Bay, and came back swarming with ticks, and passed a miserable night trying to exterminate them. In the large rivers are some big coarse fish, which will take a spoon or spinning bait, and the mountain streams hold mullets, which are greatly esteemed. Neverthe-

less the island has many attractions, the scenery being unsurpassed in any part of the world, and the climate in winter is delightful. No sooner is the anchor dropped than the ship is surrounded by a noisy merry group of darky girls clamorous for washing, and bringing off a dainty dish of land crabs, cooked in some peculiar fashion; these are not to be confounded with the loathsome creatures infesting the sandy beaches about Port Royal—quite a different animal; where they are procured I know not, but a more delicious morsel cannot be found. Some of the Jamaica washerwomen have adopted the names of successive commodores who have been stationed at Port Royal.

The hottest part of the day is from eight to nine or ten a.m., before the sea breeze sets in; this keeps the temperature down till sundown, when the land

breeze blows. The evenings are charming, and social gatherings and dinner parties follow. I remember one evening a pretty girl at the piano singing that old English song, "Come to me." An elderly skipper was one of the party; he was rather blind and somewhat deaf, but quite the "ladies' man," and prided himself on his knowledge of Spanish. Coming up to the piano at the conclusion of the song, and catching sight of the words, but indistinctly, he exclaimed, "How beautifully you rendered that song, Miss — 'Comé tomé'—I know it so well."

Yellow Jack used to be very prevalent at Jamaica, but we don't hear much of it since the *Aboukir* days, when that old hulk was saturated with it. A shipmate of mine fell a victim to this disease, and when being taken ashore to the hospital the boat's crew, out of considera-

tion to their captain, were rowing as slowly and gently as possible, so as not to disturb the poor fellow, who was *in extremis*. The dying captain beckoned to the middy in charge of the boat, and the youngster inclined his head to catch the last words. A message to the wife, far away, no doubt. But this is what he heard, "Ten days black list for the boat's crew for not giving way." These were his last words.

Dear me! how one yarn recalls another. I remember one peppery old hero who, rushing up on the poop in a great hurry, ran foul of his clerk.

"Where the devil are you coming to?" etc., etc.

The poor young fellow retired much disconcerted. After a while his chief, who was a most kind-hearted man, sent for the clerk, and expressed his regret for having spoken so roughly to him.

The youngster, by way of helping his chief, said—

"Oh, sir, I didn't mind it, I assure you."

"You didn't mind it! Then, damn you, you ought to have minded it. What the devil do you mean by not minding?"

Another fidgetty skipper was always in a hurry and nagging at somebody or other. A marine died on board his ship, and the funeral took place at sea.

When all was ready, the officers and men on deck, guard and band, the captain came up.

"Are you all ready?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"But where's the corpse?"

"Coming, sir, directly."

"Well, hurry up then, hurry up the corpse! Where the deuce is that corpse?"

And "Hurry up the corpse" he was called ever after.

One more story is told of a drunken bluejacket who had the misfortune to run against the port admiral in the dockyard.

"Where the devil are you coming to? Do you know who *I* am? I am the commander-in-chief."

"Well," hiccuped the bluejacket, "you've got a damned fine billet; mind you stick to it."

There is a little sport to be had in the Spanish Main, and at Belize in British Honduras both duck and snipe, if one doesn't mind the heat and mosquitoes, with a chance of fever; also guinea fowl in Cuba, but one must work hard and be content with a small bag.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE STATION

The Cape of Good Hope Station

I HAD two spells on this station, once in the *Wasp*, when we got ashore in the Mozambique, and afterwards in the *Narcissus* flag ship; but it is not, in my opinion, a good station for sport as far as naval officers are concerned, as it is difficult to get leave to go far inland, where of course game is abundant, or used to be. Probably this war will have driven the game to more inaccessible parts. I used to get a few partridges and occasionally a buck at the top of Simons Berg, not far from the anchorage, and at Saldanha Bay we got bustard, partridge, francolins, etc. Also on Robben Island, in Table Bay, where I made large bags of rabbits, francolin and quail, but I

fancy the game has been wiped out since my day. The island is used as a Lunatic and Leper Asylum, and a very amusing time I had there. But my favourite beat was a place called "Silver Mine," a few miles out of Simons Bay, where lived a nice old Boer with his family. Vanblerk, as he was called, was always glad to see me, and he used to accompany me out shooting. I borrowed a pointer, and we made some fair bags together. This was my first acquaintance with a Boer family, and very kind and nice they were; the only way I could repay them for their hospitality was by taking out some tobacco for the old man, or a few yards of flannel for the ladies. But all Boers are not of that stamp, as I subsequently found, for one day I was riding down from Cape Town to Simons Bay and, happening to cross a ploughed field, a Boer rushed out with a big stone in his

hand and used shocking language, calling me anything but a gentleman. I pulled up my horse and mildly expostulated with him, asking him if he called himself a Christian to use such language to me, if he read his Bible and so forth; this so astonished him that he dropped the stone and looked quite meek, whereupon I went on to say, "There is one thing I must tell you before we part, and that is, that of all the blackguards that I have come across *you* take the cake!" I then whipped up my steed and galloped off, followed by a perfect hurricane of blasphemy, and I nearly rolled out of the saddle with laughter as I heard the thud of a stone behind me.

One day a poor bluejacket belonging to the flag ship died in hospital, and the question arose as to who should bury him. Our parson said it wasn't his business, and, moreover, he was going

out hunting. But the parson of the hospital, a keen sportsman and a nailing shot, declined the job as the man belonged to the flag ship; besides, he was going shooting, and therefore it was impossible! Query, whose job was it? Between the two the poor fellow was not to be buried at all. The matter was referred to the admiral, who decided that the parson of the hospital must bury him.

The procession started from the hospital, and soon afterwards the parson, attired in shooting clothes, drove up in a spicy dog-cart to the cemetery, accompanied by his dog, a beautiful setter. Arrived at the cemetery he whipped out a surplice, threw it over his shooting togs, and headed the procession to the grave, where the service was performed. We witnessed the scene from the poop of the flag ship, and it was

rather comical to see the parson's dog drawing and feathering amongst the tombstones whilst the service was being read. As soon as the ceremony was over the parson off with his surplice, jumped into his cart, and, accompanied by his dog, was soon rattling down the road. It was what you may term a "Smart Evolution." That dog also knew what he was about, and in China it is well known that the best place to look for pheasants is the cemetery. There used to be a good many small buck in the vicinity of Simons Bay and out towards Lighthouse Point, and a man named Sadler kept a pack of hounds and hunted them. As I could not then afford to keep a horse I sometimes followed on foot and, as the deer invariably ran in a circle, I managed occasionally, by cutting them off, to be in at the death.

A pack of hounds was also kept at

Wynberg, and some of our fellows had capital sport with them, hunting jackals. There are, to my knowledge, two sorts of partridge at the Cape, the grey and the red-wing, and probably many more. The francolin, a fine dark-coloured bird with red legs, is also very abundant. I have never seen this variety elsewhere; they are locally called pheasants.

At Sierra Leone they have another kind, called by the natives "Bush Fowl," a very handsome bird; and in India and Mauritius they have again another quite different to the above, called black partridge.

It is astonishing how many birds are wrongly described as partridge. In Newfoundland grouse are so called, likewise in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. In North America the quail is thus named, and in South America, where no true partridge exists, all the

varieties of tinamou are dubbed perdiz —thus "perdiz grand," the martinette; "perdiz chico," the small kind.

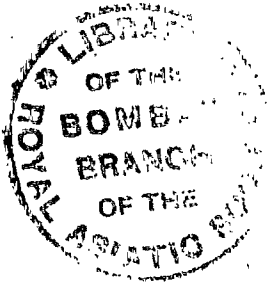
Altogether I spent a very pleasant twelve months at the Cape, but our sport was limited, as leave was difficult to get. St. Helena, Ascension and the East and West Coast of Africa are all included in the Cape Station, and there is something to be got at every place. Even at Ascension I made a bag of pheasants, and some bush fowl at Sierra Leone, where we touched on our way home in the *Narcissus*.

This reminds me of a very comical affair which took place on the West Coast some years ago.

Two rival chiefs, Oko Jumbo and Ja Ja, had a misunderstanding of some sort which the commodore was ordered to arrange. As soon as his flag ship was anchored a boat was sent ashore to bring

off the two chiefs, and preparations were made to receive them, the guard and band and officers in full uniform, etc., etc., but the midshipmen had prepared a little joke for the dusky potentates, and when the barge came alongside with the two chiefs, the first man who came over the side was Oko Jumbo, attired in a tail coat and a tall hat, round which was a band of white paper, with a word of four letters written large thereon, followed closely by Ja Ja, clothed in a pair of boots and also a tall hat with more four letters on the band of it. The band struck up, officers saluted, and it is said the commodore's face was a sight, whilst the marines were so convulsed with laughter they could hardly hold their rifles steady. I fancy poor Ja Ja was very badly treated over the business, and was deported elsewhere, and I don't think ever returned to his dominions.

THE "LORD WARDEN"



The "Lord Warden"

AFTER the return of the *Druid* from the West Indies I spent three very pleasant years in the *Lord Warden*, stationed at Queensferry, looking after the coastguard men on the coast of Scotland, and enjoying some fine sport in that delightful country with rod, gun and rifle, thanks to many good friends, varied by an occasional cruise with the Reserve Squadron. On one of these occasions the late Sir Anthony Hoskins hoisted his flag in my ship, and a very good time we had, for the admiral was a most genial companion, as well as a strict officer, and second to none at handling his squadron. Now it

had been my custom to play a game at chess by semaphore with one or other of the ships, generally of an evening, after evolutions, and it was extraordinary what an interest the signalmen and others used to take in the game. One evening our game was left unfinished, and the next day we exercised at steam tactics. In the midst of an intricate evolution (when of course chess was not to be thought of) a signal was observed flying from one of the ships. "What is it?" said the admiral. All eyes were turned in the direction, the flag lieutenant and signalmen on the alert. "Something about the Queen, sir," says the flag lieutenant; "and a Bishop," said the signalman. "What can it be?" "Some one been knighted," said the signal mid. At last it was made out—"Queen's Bishop to Knight's fourth."

The admiral was furious, and his lan-

guage need not be repeated. "Make a signal to the ——— to go to general quarters and shift topsail yards," and he bolted down to his cabin to soothe his feelings with a cigar in the stern walk.

During our stay at Queensferry an old woman with a reputation for piety and a suspiciously red nose, used to come on board occasionally to read the Gospel to the men. She carried a large Bible under her arm, and looked so respectable she was always treated with the greatest consideration.

This went on for a long time, but by a coincidence it was noticed that the members of the particular mess favoured by the old party were generally found to be in a state of "ecstatic fervour" after her visit. The master at arms, a sharp fellow, had his suspicions, and one day he was rude enough to search the

old woman. The "Family Bible" fell to the deck, and on examination proved to be a sham one, made of metal with a screw top, covered with leather so as to resemble a Bible, and labelled at the back "Departing Spirits."

This precious article held a quart bottle of rum, which fully accounted for the jovial condition of No. 9 Mess.

THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA

The South-East Coast of South America

THE next part of the world I propose to deal with is the South-East Coast of South America, a station familiar to many Naval officers and generally liked by them, on account of the varied sport to be obtained there, and which is accessible to all, from the captain to the mid. Extending as it does from the latitude of the Amazon to Cape Horn, it presents every variety of climate, scenery and sport, and, moreover, is not as yet spoilt by tourists, soldiers or professional sportsmen; even yachtsmen, as a rule, give it a wide berth, as good harbours are few and far between; besides, it is a long way from home, so altogether we sailors have it pretty

much to ourselves. As my ship, the *Ruby*, was already at Monte Video when I was appointed Senior Officer, I went out by mail steamer to join her and took passage in one of the fine vessels of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, or "P.S.N.C." as their flag denotes. These letters have been differently interpreted. Thus, "Petrie says no claret," that gentleman, a former Director having put an embargo on a free tap of that wine. So it was said; but another version, and probably a fairer one, gives it "Passengers should not complain."

Some people don't like a voyage in a mail steamer: say it is monotonous, nothing to do but sleep, eat, and play cards. I never found it so. There is to my mind a charm in the constant change of scene and climate, a pleasure in rushing along three hundred and sixty miles a

day, instead of flopping about in a calm, as we have so often done. Then there is chess, and yarns in the smoking room, and mixing with the passengers, always interesting and often amusing. On board our ship we had the usual varied lot—Brazilians going to Rio Janeiro, young fellows bound to Monte Video or Buenos Ayres, to seek their fortunes, etc., etc. The captain was a smart sailor, and many a yarn we had in his cabin; the young doctor, on his first voyage, quite up to date. When I asked him if he had many sick among the crew, he said, "Oh, no; we can't afford to have any sick. If a man comes to me, no matter what's his complaint, I at once clap a blister on his back and give him an emetic, a regular 'top shelfer,' and clear him out like a gun barrel! They never stop long with me, sir, and they never come again! No,

sir, we can't afford to have sick men in *our* ships."

There was a German passenger on board, agent for a Hamburg firm; he said his line was Angustura bitters, and when I suggested that I fancied that tonic came from South America, he said, yes, that was so, but that the article he possessed was far superior, being manufactured out of rotten bullocks' livers. Made in Germany! I have never hankered after those bitters since. Then there was a marmalade man, agent for some Scotch firm; when I inquired if it was true that much of the Scotch marmalade was made from carrots and turnips, he boldly claimed that it *was* marmalade all the same, although not perhaps *orange* marmalade, and far more wholesome.

There was a lady passenger, an American, who had peculiar ideas: said she

was a professional lecturer. She took me in hand, and tried to convert me to her views. I fancy she was cracked, as she told me one evening that she came from "Saturn." I inquired what rig they wore in that planet, whereupon she was much hurt, and when I suggested *Satan* she cut me for a week, but tackled me again one day. "Say, captain, do you believe all those miracles?" I said "Oh yes; we were taught to believe them." "I don't," said she, "except turning the water into wine, as I've seen that done myself."

I sat opposite at table to an old Brazilian, who solemnly assured me that they had snakes in his country fifty yards long, and as thick as a man's body, and he was prepared to shoot a simple young fellow who suggested that perhaps he meant *feet*.

There is no doubt that Brazil is a grand

country for snake stories, mostly founded on fact, but generally exaggerated.

For instance, at Rio I met with an American young lady who owned an English maid. They were staying at Tijuca, the popular mountain resort, and the lady was in the habit of bathing in a lovely enclosed spot reserved for ladies, whilst the maid waited outside with towels, etc. The pool was fed by a mountain stream, and one day, whilst she was enjoying her bath, a snake was washed down and, so it was reported, enveloped her fair form in its folds. In response to loud screams, the maid rushed in to her mistress's assistance, and taking in the situation, seized a bamboo and belaboured the snake, but as it was well known that the maid had no love for her mistress, it was said that the girl distributed her blows with strict im-

partiality, as often hitting her mistress as the snake—in fact, wherever she saw a bulge in the water she hit it. Be that as it may, the snake was eventually killed and the lady rescued, but the girl promptly got the sack. I think this story must have been embellished, as I was told that the snake was afterwards preserved in a bottle. On my relating the adventure to an American officer, he said he believed every word of it, and that he knew of a man who wore a live rattlesnake as a waist belt.

In due course we arrived at Monte Video, where I was promptly put in quarantine and sent to an island near by, where I amused myself for a week or ten days shooting rabbits.

Probably in no part of the world can the average naval officer enjoy such good all-round sport as can be obtained on the East Coast of South

America. True it is that large game is conspicuous by its absence, the felidae being represented by the jaguar and the puma, the latter a mean, cowardly animal, but rarely met with. Of deer there are several kinds, the largest being the Paraguayan red deer (*Cervus paludosus*), found chiefly in the swamps of the Chaco and in Uruguay, also the camp deer (*Cervus campestris*), the ghazu vira, and several other smaller ones. Ostriches and guanaco afford good sport with the rifle, but are gradually being exterminated in the more civilized parts of the country. In the matter of wild fowl and small game, South America would be hard to beat.

On the banks of the Parana and Uruguay Rivers are innumerable marshes teeming with every kind of water fowl; swans of two kinds, the ordinary white species and the black-necked variety;

ducks in countless thousands, from the pato real, or royal duck, to teal. On the chacres, or corn land, several kinds of partridges abound. These birds, locally called perdiz, are in reality tinamous (the true partridge does not exist in South America), of which the martinetta, or perdiz grande, is the largest, the next being the tinamou elegans, or elegant tinamou, also called the copeton, on account of its crest, a handsome bird, very good for the table.

The most familiar to sportsmen is the perdiz chico, or little partridge, the smallest of the tinamous, myriads of which birds are to be found in every part of the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, or the Banda Orientale. An ordinary shot can easily, with a good dog, bag thirty or forty brace in a day. The common and jack snipe are also fairly numerous in the canadas or swamps.

Woodcocks are unknown in South America, though I claimed to have shot one in the Straits of Magellan in 1872, and my statement was corroborated by several Naval officers, all good sportsmen. I have since been assured that the bird was not a woodcock, but a woodsnipe, a distinction, perhaps, without a difference. Its scientific name is Scolopax Stricklandi. In addition to those mentioned there are to be found in South America many animals indigenous to the country, which to my knowledge are unknown elsewhere, such, for instance, as the aguerá, or maned wolf—called by the natives lobo, but in reality a fox, a handsome creature twice as large as an ordinary fox—the tapir, the armadillo, the great anteater, the carpincho, the biscacho, and the cavy, or Patagónian hare, each of which deserves a passing notice, although not

strictly game. Of reptiles there are many varieties — snakes, some most deadly ones, such as the cobra, rattlesnake, and viper, also boas and anacondas— in the forests of Brazil and Paraguay. I saw one of the latter, which had just been killed, in the Paraguayan Chaco; the beast was laid out on a railway truck, which it completely covered. I should estimate its length at nearly 30 feet, and its girth as thick as a man's thigh. Alligators are plentiful in the upper reaches of the Parana, and afford good practice with the rifle whilst steaming up the river. A gigantic lizard, called lagáto, is often to be met with in the dry pampas grass; these creatures attain a length of 4 feet and more, and are very destructive to poultry and eggs. They are more tenacious of life than any creature I ever met with. One day, whilst shooting in Uruguay, my dog

pointed at something in the grass; on going up I saw it was a lagáto, so I gave him a shot, blowing half his side away; the brute merely looked round as though something had tickled him, when I killed him with a second barrel. Another time I found one basking in the sun, so I told a small boy who was with me to kill it. Taking up a scythe, he drove it through the creature's body up to the hilt; it never moved. I then stood on its head to finish it, and when I stepped off it ran away as fast as possible, and gained its hole before we could intercept it. Whilst out driving with a friend near Colonia, we drove over one of these reptiles which was lying on the road. Two wheels of the buggy passed over it, but it took no notice, so we turned about and drove over it again, when the brute thought it was time to move on, and ran into the bush.

But let not the reader of these lines suppose that the shooting in South America is free to all. In the wilds of Patagonia and the Falkland Islands it certainly is; but I should be doing a gross injustice to the Estancieros of the Argentine and Uruguay, whose hospitality I have so often enjoyed, if I conveyed such an impression. All the land about Buenos Ayres, Rosario, and in Uruguay is taken up and fenced in, and a person has no more right to shoot there than he would have in England. Personally, I have always received the greatest kindness and courtesy from the Rancheros when, if not actually their guest, I have asked permission to shoot over their property, and in this way have enjoyed unlimited sport, whether hunting ostriches, guanaco, or smaller game. The two former may be hunted with dogs, or with the bolas, or lazo,

or stalked with the rifle; in either case it is capital sport. On the estate of Timote, the property of Don Juan Jackson, I had a grand time, our party bagging sixteen gama, or camp deer, besides small game. On one occasion I was in full chase of a stag which I had wounded, when my horse put his foot into an armadillo's hole and pitched on his head, sending me flying several yards; but I picked myself up, mounted, and killed the deer.

My host organized an ostrich drive, and I was posted in a likely place. The birds came tearing along at a great pace with wings extended, and I plastered several with my Winchester repeater. Presently the "capitas" rode up, and on being asked what the captain had done, replied "Nothing!" But feeling sure I had plugged some of them,

we followed on their line and found five dead.

To secure a ciervo, the big red deer, one has to go further afield, and not till I had been three years on the station did I have the chance. I had been up the Parana in a gun-boat as far as Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, and stopped on my way down at Florential an estancia belonging to the late Mr. Langworthy, where we had some fine sport with martinettas and wild ducks. But, being desirous of killing a ciervo, I was sent into the Chaco with an Indian. My secretary, Mr. Chapple, accompanied me. We had a dreadful time, riding through swamps infested with snakes and mosquitoes to reach the haunt of the ciervo ; but I succeeded in bagging a couple of fine stags, with which I was very well satisfied, and returned on the second day to the estancia.

Chapple remained another night, and brought back an enormous ant-bear and an aguerá. Brazil is hardly worth mentioning in connexion with sport, as the climate is against it, and the country as a rule is too densely wooded. In the neighbourhood of Bahia and Pernambuco some good snipe shooting can be got. But the natives are not always to be trusted, and I remember a rather unpleasant experience at Pernambuco, where Chapple and I went duck shooting. We had gone some miles up a river, and were returning after very poor sport, when we found our boat high and dry, the tide having fallen, so we had to track her several miles through the mud; whilst so employed I shot a fine pato real, or Muscovy duck, which my dog retrieved. On reaching a bridge, some way further on, we found a crowd of drunken negroes assembled to dispute

our passage. Darkness was coming on, the boat was stuck fast, and things were looking serious; stones were thrown at us, and one scoundrel waded out with a knife. There were fifty or sixty black fiends maddened with drink, against three of us (my coxswain being the third). However, we kept our guns loaded, and intimated that we should certainly shoot any who approached, and at last we managed to drag the boat into deep water, and got safely aboard about midnight. But to enjoy sport in a really wild country, unmolested by inhabitants, one must go to Patagonia, where one may wander wherever fancy takes one, without the remotest chance of seeing a human being, unless it be of your own party. In how few parts of the world can this remark hold good? There is a charm about it that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Every bird and

beast you see belongs to you, and there is no knowing what to expect. On these vast pampas ostriches and guanaco roam unmolested; the Patagonian hare, or cavy, sits up on his haunches staring at the intruder, and then scuttles away; the crested partridge (elegant tinamou) rises under your feet with whirring flight; or a wild duck springs from a solitary tarn. The drawback to the country is the absence of fresh water. The guanacos drink brackish water, and ostriches seem to do without it. But few rivers discharge their waters into the South Atlantic Ocean, and they are far between, and from Nuevo Gulf in 43° south, to Cape Horn, there are but three or four rivers of any importance.

On this wild and desolate coast secure harbours are rare, and, with the exception of Nuevo Gulf, Egg Harbour and St. Elena Bay, I know of none where a

ship may anchor in security. Nevertheless most excellent sport may be obtained, and although the guanaco has no antlers to adorn the ancestral halls, guanaco stalking is a sport not to be despised, and calls for the utmost skill and endurance on the part of the sportsman.

The Falkland Islands

The Falklands are one of the few regions where the account of sport is not exaggerated. In fact, it would be difficult to exaggerate, for of its kind the sport is unsurpassed. Here is a perfect sanctuary for wild fowl of every description, and the only place in the world where wild geese are tame, so tame that there is no sport in shooting them; but so good are they, that they are worth shooting for the pot, and the number slaughtered is only to be regulated by the trouble of transport. Good

practice may be had by shooting them with a rook-rifle; but a better plan is to send a few bluejackets round to drive them. In this way I, with a couple of mids, bagged 100, and loaded up a horse twice over.

Swans are occasionally met with, but ducks, teal, and snipe are abundant, and nearly as tame as the geese. On my first visit to the Falklands in 1872 a herd of guanaco still existed, one of which I killed, but they have since been exterminated. A few wild cattle were to be found on some of the outlying islands, and wild pig on others. Hares and rabbits have been introduced and have multiplied so much that, when I was last there in the *Ruby*, we killed 2,000 of the latter in four days on Speedwell Island, and eighty-eight of the former on another.

The wild cattle introduced originally

by the Spaniards have been killed down to make way for sheep—the principal resource of the islands—and probably few remain. But they give grand sport, especially as the old bulls charge on sight. This is indeed a perfect paradise for sailors, and our men were fed on beef, mutton and game during the whole time of our stay.

It is also a good place for fishing, and some grand hauls of mullet were made with the seine in some of the tidal estuaries. In the small rivers there is a fish called a trout, which takes a fly well, but it reaches no size and gives poor sport, although it is excellent to eat. To a yachtsman the Falklands present unusual attractions, as the harbours are numerous and secure, but good ground tackle is necessary, as the gales are frequent and severe. It has always been a wonder to me that rich men

possessing steam yachts do not visit these remote and little-known places; but I suppose the attractions of the Solent are too great, especially for the fair sex! The climate is healthy and bracing, and most beneficial to the human frame, more so, I suspect, than that of any German watering-place, and likely to be of more lasting benefit to the *blasé* residents of Mayfair.

The Welsh Colony of Chupat

An account of sport on the South-East Coast of South America would not be complete without reference to the Welsh Colony of Chupat, a place visited by us in the *Ruby* three or four times. After our first visit to the colony I wrote a report on the prospects of the settlers, which did not meet with their approval. It was, nevertheless, a faithful account, and was not intended to do them any

sort of injury—indeed, quite the reverse—but on subsequent visits we understood each other better, and on the last occasion I was the guest of Mr. Luis Jones, who treated us all most hospitably, and gave us the best of sport.

In the Chupat River immense flocks of wild fowl congregate; I don't think I ever saw so many birds on the wing together. Guanaco, ostriches, cavies, and crested tinamou are to be met with in the neighbourhood of Port Madryn, the seaport of Chupat. The two places are now connected by a railway, but when we first visited the colony in 1885 there was none, and one had to traverse the distance (some forty-five miles) on foot or horseback. I do not know a more dreary region—a barren sandy plain, interspersed with bush, with no trees to relieve the prospect, nor water to quench the thirst. Many people have

either perished on that lonely journey or gone mad from thirst.

The last time I made it on horseback, accompanied only by my coxswain, we hove to for a spell about half way. The sun was blazing hot and no water could be found for our poor horses. A bottle of claret sufficed for our wants, and when we had finished it, I scrawled on a piece of paper the following notice: "Dying from want of water. You will find my body one mile S.E. of this spot.—Signed, Jones."

This sad record I placed in the empty bottle, and left hanging on a bush. I heard long afterwards that it was found, but no trace of the corpse, which, considering that there were at least 1,800 persons of the name of Jones in the colony, is not surprising.[1]

[1] Since these lines were penned part of the colony have migrated to Canada, a step I always recommended.

THE EAST INDIES STATION

The East Indies Station

IF the South-East Coast of America be the best station for small game, the East Indies certainly takes the palm for all-round shooting, for on that station, which includes Burma, Ceylon, India, and Mauritius, as well as the Persian Gulf, every kind of game is to be found, from an elephant to a snipe, all within easy reach of the naval officer, and often almost within hail of his ship.

Take, for instance, Ceylon, the head-quarters of the Navy being at Trincomalee, where the admiral's house is situated. In the marshes at Tamblegan, large bags of snipe can be made by a moderate shot, and as many as 100

couple have been bagged by a single gun in a day.

The heat at this place is very trying, especially to those who are not young, and for myself I preferred hunting spotted deer (axis) and sambur in the neighbouring forests, where good sport may yet be had, notwithstanding the numerous pot-hunters who slaughter the deer for the sake of their skins and horns.

Herds of these beautiful animals (axis) frequent the low-lying parts of Ceylon, whilst sambur prefer the high lands about the Horton Plains, where they are hunted with foxhounds, under the able management of that fine sportsman and genial companion, Mr. Tom Farr, one of the most popular planters in the island. The hounds are followed on foot, and the stags are killed with the knife when they come to bay in the water,

no gun or rifle being permitted. In this way some seventy stags are killed on an average in one season. It is grand sport, but requires a man to be sound in wind and limb to enjoy it to perfection. A good many hounds are annually killed by leopards, and some are lost by falling over precipices. Bears are killed by watching for them at the water holes, and elephants by stalking them in the jungles, but the Ceylon elephants, as a rule, carry no tusks, and the only trophies left for the sportsman are the tail and feet. A licence is required for elephant shooting, but a rogue elephant may be killed when met with, being dangerous and most destructive.

Wild pig are numerous in the island, but are not hunted on horseback as in India, as the country is not suited for pig-sticking. They may be killed

with the rifle when feeding in the open glades of the forest in the early morning. In this way I bagged a fine boar with a gallery shot one morning; my companion, Mr. Millett, a well-known shikari at Trincomalee, meanwhile killed an alligator. When our trophies were brought into camp we noticed something sticking out of the alligator's mouth; this proved to be the tail of an unfortunate monkey which the reptile had just devoured.

By eight or nine a.m. the heat is too great for shooting, and all game retires to the deep shade of the forest; it is as well for the sportsman to do likewise, and to go out again from about four p.m. till dark.

Pea fowl, jungle fowl, and partridges are fairly plentiful all over the island. I obtained several crates full of the common Indian grey partridge from Bombay,

and sent them up to Horton Plains to be turned out, but I have not heard if they did well; probably some survived. Trout have been introduced there also and grown to a good size, fish of 6 lb. and over having been killed with fly and minnow, but they are said not to breed well. Rainbow trout have also been introduced, and, as they grow rapidly, will give good sport in a few years. At Newara-Eliya, a lovely spot 6,000 feet above the sea, there is a good hotel and a capital club; the climate resembles that of Scotland, and the scenery is superb, whilst the golf links at this place are second to none in any part of the world.

With a view to introducing fresh blood into the island, I imported several deer from Mauritius and kept them in a paddock in Admiralty House grounds, where they bred and were doing well

when I left, but unfortunately they met with an untimely end after my departure from the station. I also kept a few spotted deer, locally called cheetul, but the cheetul stags get very dangerous, and one of them, having gored two of my native servants, had to be turned into venison.

Some good duck and teal shooting is to be had in the neighbourhood of Trincomalee, notably at Kantalai, where there is a large tank. Most comfortable quarters are to be found in the rest-house, also food and liquor sufficient for the wants of most sportsmen.

Wild buffalo may be occasionally met with when shooting in the jungles, and an old bull will often charge on sight. They are not, however, to be confounded with the tame water buffalo, which animal has also a decided antipathy to a white man.

I think I have said enough about Ceylon to give an idea of its attractions to a sportsman, though pages might be written on the subject. In other respects the island presents, in the beauty of its scenery, and the hospitality of the planters and other residents, a charm which every naval officer who has visited it will, I feel sure, endorse.

If the reader who has followed these notes will now turn to the map, he will find in latitude 18° S., longitude 64° E., a tiny speck, the island of Rodriguez, a dependency of Mauritius, situated some 320 miles from that island.

I lay claim to have been the pioneer of sport in Rodriguez, for though it had occasionally been visited by Her Majesty's ships, I never heard of any one getting any sport there, and yet it is one of the most sporting little islands in the world. Fortunately it is but

little known and seldom visited, owing to its position in the heart of the south-east trade wind and to windward of Mauritius; but a sailing ship leaving India or Ceylon, if bound to Mauritius, would pass near to it; consequently in going the rounds of the station in the *Boadicea*, a sailing frigate with auxiliary steam power, we never failed to drop anchor in the snug harbour of Port Maturin, on the lee side of the island, wherein ships of the largest size may ride secure from every wind. Curiously enough the hurricanes which periodically devastate Mauritius pass clear of Rodriguez.

The island is of volcanic formation, surrounded by coral reefs; it is ten miles long, by about six miles broad, and the highest peak, Mount Limon, is 1,300 feet above the level of the sea. In general appearance it is mountainous

and thickly wooded, with deep ravines running down to the sea.

The lower slopes and the east and west parts are bare of timber, and covered with coarse, yellow grass, interspersed with boulders. Herds of cattle, sheep and goats find pasturage in the valleys; the soil is rich, and but sparsely cultivated, a little maize, potatoes, and onions only being planted. The inhabitants, of whom there are about 2,000, are mostly fishermen, French creoles from Mauritius, of every shade of colour, from black to nearly pure white.

In the year 1862 a pair of deer were landed from Borneo, and subsequently another pair from Mauritius. These animals, which are a variety of sambur, have increased at a prodigious rate, and it was estimated that at the time of our first visit in 1892 there were 2,000 deer on the island. This was

probably a gross exaggeration, and I should imagine that between 500 to 1,000 was nearer the mark.[1] At all events, there were plenty for sport, and on our first visit we killed thirty, mostly stags, some of which scaled nearly twenty stone.

Besides deer, there are thousands of guinea fowl, indigenous to the island, and a fair sprinkling of the common Indian grey partridge (introduced). On the outlying islets rabbits abound. The sea is alive with every kind of tropical fish, and turtle visit the island in the breeding season.

It will be seen from this that here is a sporting paradise, where officers and men can enjoy themselves and recuperate after the enervating climate of India or Ceylon.

[1] I understand that the deer have been nearly exterminated by the settlers of late years, and that probably few remain.

During the winter months, May to September, the climate is perfect and very healthy, the fresh trade wind blows regularly throughout the year, tempering the heat of the sun. Fruits of many kinds thrive abundantly, both cultivated and wild — mangoes, guavas, oranges, limes, citrons, and bananas. In the woods are wild raspberries and chillies. Small patches of sweet potatoes, yams, and maize are cultivated with success, and sugar and tobacco is grown in small quantities.

In Oyster Bay there are some basaltic columns 200 feet high, and in the interior are some caverns such as may be seen in Bermuda and elsewhere. The island bears evidence of having been upheaved by volcanic agency, but no active volcano exists at the present time. Remains of the dodo have been found in some of the caves, also the stone which

the bird always carried in its stomach. A large kind of pigeon called solitaire used to be indigenous on the island, but, like the dodo, is long since extinct. In former times vast numbers of the giant tortoise existed, both on Rodriguez and Mauritius, but the whalers shipped them for food, and no trace of them is now to be found. The climate is well suited for deer, which animals find abundant food, water, and shelter in the forests, and, having no enemies but man, there being no tigers or leopards, have increased very rapidly, as I have already shown. They can be killed by stalking or still hunting in the woods, or by driving, the latter being usually preferred. Owing to the density of the forests it is very difficult to get a shot, and the animals seldom come out in the open; consequently our usual plan was to drive them. The natives, under the able

generalship of a man named Numa,[1] a capital shikari, were past-masters at the work. The guns having been posted, they rounded up a large circle of forest and drove the deer to the guns; in this way several fine stags were killed, and the *Boadicea's* men feasted on venison the whole of our stay. Some of these woodland stags carried very fine antlers, others had curiously malformed heads, caused probably by the animals injuring their horns when in the velvet.

In all the heavily-timbered ravines big stags were sure to be lying, especially in Oyster Bay and Diamond Harbour, but the best sport was to be had in Malagash Bay, leading up to a magnificent amphitheatre, a favourite resort for deer; here the country was more

[1] Poor Numa has since been badly maimed, and I fear blinded, by a vindictive native, who was jealous of his skill as a hunter.

open, and it was easier to see them. I killed three good stags in this valley in one day, stalking, with Numa, and missed another as he galloped off, but this was a record. We visited the island four times during my three years on the station, and killed on an average twenty deer each time, leaving a good breeding stock for those who came after us. On our last visit I shipped my friend Tom Farr and several couple of his best hounds from Colombo, intending to have a grand hunt, but it proved a failure, partly on account of the number of deer, each hound taking a line for himself, but also by reason of the rocky nature of the ground, which cut the hounds' feet, so we did nothing with them. This ended our sport in Rodriguez, an island I shall ever remember with delight as one of the few spots on the globe where a poor man may indulge

in the glorious sport of deer-stalking unmolested by globe-trotters, poachers, or professional pot-hunters. Long may it remain a sanctuary for the Navy.

Leaving Rodriguez a smart sailing ship will reach Mauritius in twenty-four hours.

It is a curious fact that a visit to Mauritius is always hailed with delight by sailors, and is generally detested by the military stationed there. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, a ship coming to Mauritius generally hails from some hot place such as Trincomalee, Colombo, or Bombay, and both officers and men look forward to a pleasant change of climate, with, possibly, so far as the officers are concerned, a prospect of sport. But this is not all. The ships usually arrive in the cool season, and so avoid the summer, which is not the most agreeable time in the island, and they do not stay long enough

to get tired of the place or the people, or for the inhabitants to get tired of them.

The soldiers, on the other hand, are doomed to long spells, either in the barracks at Port Louis, the citadel, or at Curepipe, and they get heartily sick of it. Moreover, all the fun, the dances, picnics, garden parties, and *chasses* are reserved for the arrival of the squadron; so no wonder sailors like the place and enjoy their stay there. I have had the good fortune to visit Mauritius several times—first in the *Wasp*, as a lieutenant, and subsequently as admiral—and I have always left it with regret. It would be strange if I did not, for when every one, both French and English, vied in making our stay as pleasant as possible, we should indeed have been ungrateful if we had failed to appreciate their kindness and hospitality.

For myself, I had the great advantage

of staying at Reduit with the Governor, Sir Hubert Jerningham, on our annual visits; but every officer had a hat-peg and a warm welcome from some of the kind-hearted residents. Sir Hubert was probably the most popular Governor ever known in the island. Speaking French like a Frenchman, and of the same religion, he, by his tact, sympathy and hospitality, did much to bring the two nationalities into harmony, and to promote that good feeling between the countries which ought always to exist, but is too often conspicuous by its absence. Moreover, at the time of the disastrous hurricane which devastated the island on April 29, 1892, Sir Hubert exerted himself in so noble a manner as to gain the admiration and affection of all classes, and to leave a name which will never be forgotten in the island.

But to turn to sport. Those ac-

quainted with Mauritius naturally associate sport with the *chasses* which obtain there, whether it be the *chasse au cerf* or the *chasse au perdrie*. In either case it is a grand function. The proprietor, who is usually a Frenchman, invites his friends to assemble at a rendezvous about daybreak. If partridge shooting be the order of the day, the guns are paired off, with a pointer allotted to each. Shooting begins about seven o'clock, and by ten it is all over; the birds retire to the seclusion of the sugar cane, and the sportsmen to a bungalow, where a sumptuous repast awaits them. From twenty to thirty brace of partridges is considered a fair bag, with perhaps a few quail, and a hare or two. There are two kinds of partridge, the black species, in reality a francolin, and the common Indian grey partridge, both probably introduced. The former rise singly, and

are easy to shoot, and I gained a reputation, altogether fictitious, for having killed nineteen out of twenty shots on one occasion, and on another twenty one out of twenty-three. The *chasse au cerf* is arranged on a much grander scale; sometimes as many as 100 rifles are assembled, with 200 or 300 beaters, and an assortment of dogs of every breed, size, and description—bulldogs, mastiffs, retrievers, spaniels, pointers, setters and terriers, all thirsting for blood. The guns being posted, the beaters commence the drive, extending for miles and enclosing a large area of forest. Presently a shot will be heard and a deer be seen, usually a hind and calf, a sufficient excuse for the young and inexperienced sportsmen to loose off, but the old hands wait for the big stag bringing up the rear. Now and then a deer will run the gauntlet of many

rifles, and bullets will be whistling about in all directions, making things lively; but, as a rule, few big stags are killed in these *chasses*, for these old fellows know the game too well, and either lie low till the beaters have passed, or break back through the line, being well aware where the real danger lies.

The beat usually occupies four or five hours, by which time the sun becomes hot, and the whole party adjourn to a neighbouring bungalow to partake of the hospitality of their host. During the banquet the deer are brought in and laid out; the guests then group themselves around, a photograph is taken, and the party break up.

I never cared much for these *chasses*, and after my first visit in the *Boadicea* I obtained permission to stalk the deer in Highland fashion, a privilege I enjoyed on all subsequent visits, and in company

with my flag-lieutenant I killed many fine stags, to the delight of our kind and hospitable French entertainers. It would be tedious to relate in detail all the incidents of our sport, but I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Sir Cilicourt Antelm, a fine old sportsman, who had a shooting-box at Plaine Sophie, and who entertained us most hospitably, and was never so well pleased as when we returned home with the head of a *groscerf*. His brother Leopold and his nephew, young Leopold, called affectionately Popo, also contributed to our sport, and, being both good sportsmen themselves, they could appreciate our love for stalking in preference to driving.

In Mauritius the seasons are, of course, the same as in Australia; consequently June, July and August are the winter months, when the climate is delightful,

and one can wear a tweed suit the same as in Scotland.

Stalking in Mauritius is fine sport, and once having spied the deer it is easy to get near them, as the bushes give good cover, and one gets every variety of shot, but always standing, with no rest.

Monsieur Rochecoute, another wealthy proprietor, gave me leave to stalk in his forest, and I killed some good stags on his ground; and I am also much indebted to my friend George Robinson, who owns a large tract of country, and who organized several shoots for us. He also most kindly gave me several deer from his corral, some of which I introduced into Madagascar and some I took to Trincomalee, and kept them in a paddock in Admiralty House grounds, where they did well so long as I was on the station. I also sent a stag and two hinds to the Zoological

Gardens, but after a few years they contracted some disease and died, probably from want of exercise, as the place they were confined in was a poor one.

After leaving Mauritius, the usual course of procedure is to retrace one's path to India or Ceylon, by way of Madagascar and the Seychelles. Madagascar has no attractions for a sportsman, but the harbour of Diego Suarez is well worth a visit. This is the headquarters of the French squadron in these seas; the harbour is one of the finest in the world, a narrow entrance leading to a spacious basin capable of sheltering a large fleet. The entrance is defended by a fort on the south side, and could easily be rendered impregnable. The place is healthy in the winter months and the climate is delightful, a strong trade wind blowing regularly through the day and giving

place to a land breeze by night. This part of the island—the north-east—is well suited for raising stock, and vast herds of cattle roam over the pastures. The surrounding country is well timbered and watered by streams, and admirably adapted for game, especially deer, but no large animals are indigenous to Madagascar, such as abound on the mainland adjacent. Thanks to my friend George Robinson of Mauritius, I was able to introduce some deer into the island, a couple of stags and some hinds, which were doing well when I last visited the place, and which, if not killed by the French soldiers, may form the nucleus of a herd.

Guinea-fowl are numerous in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and quail fairly abundant. A few semi-wild cattle are to be found in the woods, also wild pig, a kind of lynx, and thou-

sands of lemurs, but that is all. Probably in the interior other species may exist, but we had no means of ascertaining. During our expeditions in the forest we came across specimens of the celebrated traveller's tree, also wild cotton, india-rubber trees, etc. There is also a poisonous tree of the acacia species, which it is as well to avoid. I managed to get stung by this tree; it put me in a fever for an hour or so, and the irritation, spreading up my arms, made me feel sick, and bathing only made it worse. I fancy this tree must be identical with the manchineel of the West Indies.

St. Juan de Nova, or Farquhar Island.

A ship leaving Diego Suarez, if bound to the Seychelles, must pass near to this place, a tiny speck on the chart, but

which, though little known and seldom visited, deserves a passing notice.

Like other islands of coral formation, Farquhar lies low, the highest point being but 60 feet above the sea, and is not visible from a ship's deck until she is close upon it; consequently ships usually give it a wide berth, especially as the currents run very strong in its neighbourhood and set dead on to the reefs which surround the island. But for a steamship, secure of her reckoning, there is no danger. The reef extends all round the weather side of the island, upon which the sea breaks heavily, but on the north-west or lee side there is an opening in the reef, forming an excellent harbour, wherein a large ship will find secure anchorage close to the shore. The island is a dependency of Mauritius, and is leased to a company for the manufacture of

cocoanut oil; a considerable trade is also done with turtles, which frequent its shores in the breeding season. Maize has been cultivated, and grows to perfection. Millions of sea birds breed in the scrub, and land crabs of gigantic size and repulsive appearance are in countless thousands. A few guinea-fowls were introduced by Mr. Spurs, the proprietor, and they have multiplied to such an extent as to become a nuisance; consequently the sport with these wily fowl is first-rate.

The first time we visited Farquhar we only remained twenty-four hours. We found the inhabitants, some twenty in number, in want of the necessaries of life, as they had not been visited by a ship for eighteen months; so, having supplied their immediate wants, we took our departure, promising to return on our next round. This we did for three

years in succession, on each occasion making large bags of guinea-fowl.

The island is a long narrow strip, in places only a few hundred yards across from sea to sea, covered for the most part with dense scrub and occasional clearings planted with maize. The birds roost in the scrub, and come out to feed on the corn at early morn and eve, so it is necessary to be astir at daylight. At the first shot clouds of guinea-fowl (pintares) rise and make for the shelter of the scrub, out of which it is difficult to get them. Our plan was to form a line, with a bluejacket between each gun, and walk them up. The birds kept running ahead till they reached the sea, when they rose and came back overhead, giving us splendid rocketing shots. In this way we bagged 220 in two days, and if we had had dogs we might have doubled the bag,

as we lost at least 50 per cent. in the bush.

Old Spurs was delighted at the slaughter of his guinea-fowl, and wished we had killed them all, as they destroyed his maize; but there is no fear of their being wiped out, unless by disease, as they breed twice in the year, and lay twenty to twenty-five eggs in a nest. Spurs introduced cats to destroy them, but without success, as the cats preferred young boobies and other seafowls, which were easy to catch.

Partridges would do well on the island, and as I was desirous of introducing them, I sent Spurs a crateful; but he would have none of them, and sent them back, and those which survived the journey were turned loose at the Seychelles. I also turned out six couple of guinea-fowl and some rabbits on Felicité, one of the group, and I heard

afterwards that the birds were doing well, but that the rabbits were destroyed by wild cats.

Besides the attractions of guinea-fowl, there are on Farquhar wild pigeons, parrots and curlew, and sea fishing and turtle turning in the season. Beautiful shells and corals may be gathered on the reefs, and there are fine sandy bays for seining. Egg collectors could obtain some rare specimens from the sea-fowl. To sum up, I cannot imagine a more delightful spot for a yachtsman to spend a quiet time shooting and fishing, and if he be an artist he would find ample scope for his talents in reproducing the lovely emerald tints of the tropic sea, with a background of coral strand and waving cocoanut trees, and he might even pay his expenses by running a cargo of turtle to Mahé, the principal settlement in the Seychelles Archipelago.

THE SEYCHELLES.

A run of some 400 miles with a "soldier's" wind will carry a ship from Farquhar Island to this lovely group, the principal island of which is Mahé, the seat of government, and a favourite resort for His Majesty's ships, for there the bluejacket is in his glory, dancing and flirting with the dusky maidens of that favoured clime. For the officers the attractions are perhaps not so great, but even for them there are social entertainments, such as dances and picnics given by the hospitable inhabitants, which are much appreciated by naval officers after a sea cruise; also sea fishing, boat sailing, and seining parties.

The harbour of Mahé is sheltered from all winds, and large ships can moor head and stern inside the reef. Sport there is none; at least on the main island, but on Felicité, the property of Messrs.

Baty, there is a little shooting, as I have mentioned. On some of the adjacent islands, such as Amirante, Indian partridges have been introduced and have multiplied, and there are a few on Mahé. The Seychelles are remarkable for being the home of the coco-de-mer, or double cocoanut, which flourishes on several islands of the group, notably on Praslin, where a fine avenue of this handsome tree still exists. It has been successfully introduced into other islands of the group, and in the Governor's garden at Mahé and on St. Ann's some fine trees flourish, but the endeavour to introduce it elsewhere has not been attended with much success. I sent some germinating nuts to the Government Gardens at Calcutta, and to the Peredinya Gardens in Ceylon, but as the tree takes fifty years to bear, I am not likely to hear of the result. To plant the

coco-de-mer it is only necessary to dig a hole sufficient to cover one-third of the nut, leaving the rest exposed. From want of knowledge of this fact I lost two plants which I transported to the Admiralty grounds at Trincomalee. The principal industry in the Seychelles is the cultivation of vanilla and cocoa-nuts.

Turtle are brought over from the neighbouring islands and kept in ponds, and giant land tortoises are also brought occasionally from the island of Aldabra, where they are indigenous; thanks to my friend, Mr. Baty, I obtained some very fine specimens of this curious creature, and I sent a pair to the Zoological Gardens, where they may now be seen. I also shipped a pair to Lord Lilford in Northamptonshire, where they lived for some years; one of the latter weighed 350 lbs., and was probably over 100

years old. In the wild state they feed mostly on jungle leaves, but take readily to plantains, pumpkins, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables. They are harmless, inoffensive animals, and soon become perfectly tame. The climate of the Seychelles is salubrious, and it would be difficult to find a more pleasant winter resort, especially for an invalid. The inhabitants are mostly French creoles from Mauritius, with a mixture of African negroes, and the language is a vile patois of bad French and broken English.

A line of steamers touch regularly at Mahé *en route* to Mauritius, Diego Suarez and Réunion, etc. Having now done with the islands in the South Indian Ocean, I shall recross the Equator and return to Indian waters and the sport to be obtained there.

CALCUTTA—THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS

Calcutta—the Andaman Islands

AFTER leaving the Seychelles, we returned to Trincomalee for a short time, during which we enjoyed some good snipe shooting and also bagged a few deer and pig, and then left for Calcutta, on our annual visit, timing our arrival so as to moor alongside the Bund on Christmas Day.

At this season Calcutta is seen at its best, balls, dinner parties, and other social and official functions being in full swing. The Viceregal party at Government House dispense hospitality on a lavish scale, the races take place at this time, and the climate is delightful. There is some excellent snipe shooting in the neighbourhood, but I had no time

to attend to it, and the only sport we attempted, if sport it can be called, was hauling the seine in the tanks at Barrackpore. But if not sport, it was capital fun. By permission of His Excellency Lord Lansdowne, I took a party of bluejackets over and dragged some of the ornamental waters in the park. Our first haul was a blank, and one would suppose there was not a fish in the water; but feeling sure there must be, we spliced two seines together, weighted the lower end, and buoyed the other with bamboos. This we backed up with a third seine, in case any fish jumped over the bamboos. The result was most satisfactory. The fish, finding they could not dive under, attempted to jump over the net, and some of them succeeded. Presently the water was alive with enormous monsters struggling to escape, and occasionally flying through

the air. My coxswain was superintending the operations from a dinghy, and, having partaken too freely of the Viceroy's splendid hospitality, was shouting out contradictory orders at the top of his voice, when an immense fish, making a dash for freedom, hit him bang in the middle of the stomach, knocking him overboard and capsizing the boat. Shouts of laughter greeted this performance, and the seine was drawn ashore, with the coxswain, the boat, and some cartloads of mud, in which were several fish scaling from 30 lbs. to 50 lbs. each, besides many smaller ones of every variety of shape and colour; also fresh water crayfish and gigantic prawns. The large fish were carnation-carp, very coarse, with a skin like leather, and scales as big as a rupee, which no gaff would pierce. We repeated the performance in some other tanks, with varied success,

and returned on board a happy and very dirty party, much pleased with our day's outing, and grateful to the Viceroy for his magnificent hospitality.

The golf links at Calcutta are second to none in India, though not so sporting as those at Nuwara-Eliya in Ceylon. After a very pleasant month at Calcutta we stretched across to the Andaman Islands, and anchored in Port Blair, the principal port and seat of government. Port Blair is used as a convict settlement, and is notorious as the place where Lord Mayo was assassinated by an Afghan prisoner during the Governorship of Sir Donald Stewart. In addition to this terrible tragedy, which deprived India of one of its most popular and able Viceroys, there have been several narrow escapes, and once the life of one of the Governors, Colonel Horsford, was attempted. Many of the convicts are

most dangerous characters, and are ready to "go for" any person of consequence, so it is dangerous to go about without a guard.

Some fair sport is to be had in the proper season. Snipe visit the islands in large numbers, and there are wild pig in the forests, which the natives hunt with poisoned arrows. The origin of these people is obscure; it is said they came originally from the Malay Peninsula. They are small in stature, black in colour, and, as a rule, are quiet and inoffensive, though some of the tribes in the interior are not to be trusted. Both sexes are destitute of clothing, a mixture of mud and red ochre being substituted. Some of the girls are decidedly pretty; a few of them wore a girdle of leaves fastened round the waist and hanging down behind, but on grand occasions, such as

the Governor's garden party, they were provided with sacks having holes through which their legs protruded, giving them a very comical appearance. One day we engaged in torpedo exercise, exploding charges of gun-cotton under water, and, as usual on these occasions, a great quantity of fish came to the surface stunned. Amongst them was a very curious specimen known in the tropic seas as the parrot-fish, from its formidable beak, like a macaw's. This brute came up shamming death and was transferred to my galley, and when we went on board it was passed up the side apparently dead. Whilst examining the creature I had incautiously put my thumb into its mouth, when the formidable jaws snapped together, taking off the top of my thumb; the wound healed up well, but to this day I have no feeling in the thumb, the nerves being destroyed.

BLACKBUCK SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA

Blackbuck Shooting in Southern India

PASSING over a short but very interesting visit to Rangoon and Mandalay, where we had no time for shooting, we steered for Madras, and moored inside the breakwater, with stern cables to the shore. During our stay at Madras, whilst a guest of Lord Wenlock, the Governor, I was introduced for the first time to that most graceful antelope, the Indian blackbuck, a herd of which ran wild in the Governor's beautiful park at Gindy.

Whilst we were at Calcutta I was told that herds of blackbuck were to be found in the neighbourhood of Calimere Point, to the southward of Negapatam, but

that the landing on that part of the coast was difficult and often dangerous on account of the heavy surf. Being desirous of inspecting this place without risk to a big ship, I left the *Boadicea* and proceeded in a gun boat to Negapatam. Engaging a pilot and a surf boat manned by a native crew acquainted with the locality, we ran down the coast, and having anchored the gun boat in safety, transferred ourselves to the surf boat and stood in for the shore.

By this time it was quite dark, heavy rollers were breaking all round us, and the prospect was not encouraging; we could not go back, so we had to chance it. Presently the rotten old craft struck heavily on the bar, and the breakers threatened to come on board. It looked as if it was all over with us, but the boatmen smartly jumped overboard, pushed her over the bar into deep water, and

ran her on the beach. A more inhospitable spot it would be difficult to find; we were wet through, and no signs of a house. However, after wading across a marsh, we came upon a deserted bungalow, where we unpacked our gear and made ourselves tolerably comfortable in some dry straw, where we passed the night. We were early astir next morning, and after breakfast shouldered our rifles and made across the plain. We found that we had landed on a sandy peninsula sparsely covered with low scrub, with visions of jungle and forest trees further inland.

Presently herds of blackbuck could be seen galloping across the open, and the crack of a rifle was soon followed by general firing. The antelopes were not very wild, and allowed us to approach to within about 200 yards, when they moved off in graceful bounds. By follow-

ing them up we got occasional shots, and, although many were missed, we managed to secure twelve fine bucks before we returned to the bungalow at dark. The night was made hideous by jackals, which, attracted by the smell of blood, crowded round and robbed some of our meat.

The next morning we returned on board, as the weather looked threatening, and proceeded to Trincomalee. But I made up my mind to again visit this sporting paradise if I had the opportunity, and the following year I revisited the place. This time we anchored before dark, and found a better landing place; but the country was nearly under water, owing to heavy rains, and the buck had retreated to the jungle or the dry patches of sand which still remained above water. However, we had some very pretty stalking

and sporting shots as they bounded through the water, and we managed to bag twenty-five, all of which were brought on board, with the exception of a few we gave to some villagers.

Some time after my return to Trincomalee I received an official letter from the collector of the district, informing me that I had been poaching on the preserves of a Rajah, and was therefore liable to a fine of 500 rupees and six months' imprisonment! In the face of this terrible threat, I could only express my deep regret at such an unfortunate misunderstanding, and promise that before again intruding on His Highness's preserves I would give timely notice. Unfortunately the exigencies of the Service prevented me from ever returning to the spot, but I shall always cherish a pleasant memory of the sport enjoyed by my shipmates

and myself in that sanctuary. Seldom is it possible for the sportsman in India to enjoy such sport as the above, for the blackbuck is the most wary of animals, and I never succeeded in killing more than two or three in a hard day's work on the plains of India. These antelopes prefer the open country where there is no cover, so it is next to impossible to stalk them. Their vision is extraordinarily acute, and the slightest movement of the hunter is instantly detected, when off they go in graceful bounds, and soon put miles between themselves and danger. The old bucks are conspicuous by their black backs, white bellies, and spiral horns; the does are smaller. In Central India their horns are longer, 28 ins. and even more, but of those we got none were more than 23 ins., and the average 20 ins.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES

Big-Game Shooting in the North-West Provinces

SELDOM indeed does the average naval officer have the opportunity of indulging in such grand sport as is afforded by big-game shooting in Central India, owing to the difficulty of getting up country and also the expense attached to this form of sport.

It was my good fortune to be invited by my friend, Colonel Vincent, to join him in a tiger hunt in the neighbourhood of Rampur, N.W.P.

Accompanied by my flag-lieutenant and coxswain and a couple of native servants, we started one hot day in April, and on the third day were welcomed at the station of Rampur by our

genial host. Sending on our baggage ahead the same evening, we followed next morning in a carriage and pair, and reached our destination, the first camp, after a long and dusty drive of fifty miles. Here a most welcome and picturesque sight awaited us. The tents were pitched under the shade of wide spreading trees, each sportsman having a tent to himself with bath room attached, and a large marquee for a mess tent. Some twenty elephants were tethered near by, swinging their trunks to and fro, whilst the mahouts were busy feeding and watering them. Numerous camels, bullocks, carts and camp-followers were grouped around, forming a picture of Oriental splendour and luxury I had never before seen or been accustomed to. It was certainly a remarkable contrast to the rough life and homely fare of a camp on the barrens of New-

foundland, where we slept on the ground, and lived on ship's pork, till we got our venison; whereas here we revelled in every luxury in the matter of cooking, and iced whisky pegs *ad lib.*

We had a small shoot that afternoon, but found that the game had been shot or driven away by a party of Tommies from Calcutta, and we only got a few para, or hog-deer, and a couple of pigs. We therefore struck our camp next morning, and, mounting our elephants, proceeded to another rendezvous.

This, being my first experience, proved how very difficult it is to shoot from the back of an elephant with a rifle. The swaying motion makes it almost impossible to get the sights on, especially at a running deer, in long grass, and the para are as active as a pig, from which they take their name; with buckshot it is easy enough. We reached our

second camp before sundown, having bagged several head of deer, pea fowl, jungle fowl and partridges, also a pig that was not lifted; the natives would not touch the latter, so it was left to the jackals.

Here we remained several days, meeting with varied success. We mounted our elephants after breakfast, and were generally under way by nine o'clock, when the sun was at its hottest, but with plenty of iced drinks and baccy we didn't mind it. The programme was as follows: On arriving at a likely-looking bit of jungle the elephants formed line abreast, with a pad elephant between each gun; the orders were to fire at nothing but tiger, and it was tempting to see fine sambur stags, spotted deer, para, pig and peacocks rising before one and offering splendid shots and not to be allowed to shoot. After luncheon

the order was given " General shooting," and then the fun commenced, as all kinds of game jumped up in front of us.

Every night a bullock was tied up, and in the morning the head shikari made his report, but it was not till the fourth day that a kill was recorded. Immediately all was excitement in camp, and after breakfast we proceeded to the spot. The unfortunate cow had been tied up in a jungle surrounded by dense woods, and the tiger was reported to have laid up close to the kill. Some guns were sent ahead to command the passes where the beast was likely to break, whilst the others, with the pad elephants, formed line, and beat up towards the forward guns. The tiger was at home, but did not stir till the elephants were close upon him, when with a roar he bounded out and, keeping

to his left front, where no gun was posted, escaped. We then beat up a neighbouring jungle and started another tiger, which, owing to the long grass, also got away, though several shots were fired at it.

A day or two after this another kill was announced, close to camp and in a favourable position. On reaching the spot we observed several vultures sitting on trees round about, showing that the tiger was at home, as they dared not come down. The same tactics were employed, and I was sent ahead and posted at a corner of the jungle where it was likely the tiger would break; another gun was close by, and the remainder formed line and beat towards us. The grass was from ten to fifteen feet high, so nothing but the howdahs and the waving trunks of the elephants could be seen. Rockets were fired into the

jungle, exploding with terrific noise, and setting fire to the grass. Presently an elephant trumpeted, and the chorus was taken up along the line as they scented the tiger. This was answered by fearful roars, and the excitement became intense. The mahouts urged on the unwilling elephants, and from my position I could see the grass moving in front of them. The line was closing in to where I was placed, when suddenly there was a flash of something yellow, and a magnificent male tiger dashed out close to my companion, who rolled him over with a ball behind the head.

The beaters now came out, and declared there were two tigers; so, having admired the splendid beast lying dead, the line was formed afresh, the same plan being pursued, and I was sent forward as before. The second beast had gone into a patch of jungle close by.

Crackers were discharged, and soon the trumpeting elephants announced the presence of the royal beast, and again the waving grass disclosed its whereabouts.

Close to where I was posted a narrow jungle path separated one patch of grass from another, and I distinctly saw the tigress stealthily cross it, but she was gone before I could get my rifle to my shoulder. Urging my mahout forward, I took up another position to intercept her, when she broke covert close to my elephant. I fired and hit her, but too far back; she immediately disappeared, acknowledging the shot with a roar, and was viewed again 100 yards away, going at full gallop. Several shots were fired at her, but she never stopped, and disappeared over a ridge.

We followed on the line, and after beating about for an hour she was put

up again, charged an elephant, and in the confusion that ensued retreated into the jungle where she had been before. The line was re-formed to beat back, and again I saw the phantom figure silently cross the path. The rifle was at my shoulder this time, but I could not shoot, as another gun appeared directly in the line of fire not 100 yards off. The tigress now moved slowly forward, roaring loudly, for she was hard pressed. I could trace her movements by the waving grass; presently she came to an open space, when she faced about and charged the elephants in gallant style. In a flash she was on the head of one of the pad elephants, which stood its ground bravely, keeping its trunk in the air and trumpeting loudly. It was a most exciting moment; my mahout would not close, but after much pressure and abuse, in which I was well supported by my

coxswain, we got him to push my elephant to within five yards, but I could not shoot for fear of hurting the elephant or its mahout, till the tigress, already crippled by my shot through the loins, fell to the ground, when a shot through the neck finished her.

I could not help feeling sorry for the gallant beast, which had fought so bravely against such odds, as she lay there gasping out her last breath. My coxswain now slipped down out of the howdah with a tape line, and, having taken her measure, shouted out, "Two fathom and a half, sir" (15 feet); the actual length was 9 feet 5 inches, and that of her lord and master 9 feet 6 inches—a handsome pair, in the prime of life. We saw two more tigers, but failed to bag them, and the limited time at my disposal obliged me to return to Bombay. We had a most enjoyable time alto-

gether, and were most hospitably entertained by our gallant host, Colonel Vincent, and his friends Mr. Wright and Dr. Manifold.

Our bag for ten days was: Sambur, 2; spotted deer (axis), 4; para, or hog deer, 22; pig, 3; hares, 8; tigers, 2; pea fowl, 5; jungle fowl, 5; black partridge, 29; various, 4; total, 84.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN INDIA

Big-Game Shooting in India

IN the spring of the year 1894 I was invited by His Excellency Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, to join in a lion-hunting trip to Kathiawar, the only part of India where the King of Beasts is now to be found, but, owing to other engagements, I was reluctantly obliged to decline the tempting offer. However, in April of that year I again had an opportunity of enjoying the charm of big-game shooting in India. On this occasion the rendezvous was at Sutna, in the dominion of the Rajah of Rewa, a minor. Colonel Vincent was my host as before, and the same boon companions were with him.

so we had a most jovial time and capital sport, although no tigers were included in the bag.

On reaching the Colonel's bungalow, we rested for twenty-four hours whilst the servants and baggage were sent on ahead. The heat during the day was awful, 108° in the shade, notwithstanding punkahs and wet tatties hung up in the windows. Fortunately the nights were cool, and we slept out of doors under a mosquito net.

A hot and dusty drive of thirty-five miles brought us to a charming bungalow, situated under a wide-spreading mango tree. After breakfast and a siesta my flag-lieutenant and I started on elephants to look for blackbuck, and succeeded in bagging one after a good deal of stalking; we saw several others, but they were too wild for us to get near them.

The next morning we proceeded on elephants to a forest some miles off, traversing a beautiful park-like country. After an hour's ride we met an army of beaters with tomtoms, tin kettles, paraffin cases, and all kinds of music. Here we dismounted, and walked to our posts ready for the beat to commence. We now entered the Rajah's pet preserve (His Highness had built a wall five miles long, encircling a large extent of jungle). At intervals in this wall openings were left, to allow the game to pass to and fro, and at each opening was a sort of martello tower, with loopholes on the side facing the jungle and steps at the back.

Being the honoured guest, I was allotted the centre tower, in which my coxswain and I were established, Hickley being on one side and Colonel Vincent on the other, some 100 yards apart. My

battery consisted of a double 500 Express rifle, a single 400, and a double smooth-bore, loaded with ball. We had hardly settled in our places when the beat commenced with a hideous uproar from the tomtoms, etc., calculated to drive every living creature out of the jungle. A herd of sambur soon made their appearance about 200 yards in front of my post, but, not wishing to turn them, I held my fire. They moved slowly off towards where the Colonel was posted, when he opened on them, wounding a stag; they then broke back into the jungle, and disappeared from view for a while.

Some blackbuck now appeared, amongst which I made out two good bucks. After standing still for a few minutes as though undecided which way to go, they made a rush past my stand, when I rolled over the two bucks, right

and left, with the double rifle, and a chincara, or ravine deer, with the single. At this moment my coxswain sang out, "Look out, sir; a lot of pig coming on the starboard bow!" I had but time to rush across and kill a couple of old boars, when the sambur re-appeared, led by an old hind, but on scenting blood they turned back.

Suddenly a magnificent full-plumaged peacock came flying over the wall; I missed him in the air, but killed him with a ball from the little Express as he ran up the slope at the back. Another lot of pig now rushed past on the off side, leaving two more old boars rolling in the dust. I had barely time to load when the sambur again came in sight, and, as the beaters were near, they made a rush for it, when I singled out the wounded stag, rolled him over; also another stag, and a hind that had been wounded by

Hickley. A single pig now appeared, but, on receiving a ball through the body, retreated into the jungle and was afterwards found dead.

The next to show himself was a solitary sambur stag, which I dropped in his tracks with the smooth-bore; a smaller stag passed on the other side, and also fell dead to a single shot. The beaters now came out, and we left our posts to count the slain; one of my blackbucks had recovered and escaped. Round my post were lying four sambur stags and a hind, one blackbuck, one chincara, four pig, and a peacock. Hickley got two sambur stags, two hinds, and a cheetal stag, and Colonel Vincent one sambur stag. The whole of this game was given to the beaters; even the pigs were devoured, and nothing wasted. Some may call this slaughter, not sport. I am not prepared to defend

it, but it was very good practice with a rifle at running game, and no worse than shooting tame pheasants; and if any one told me they would not do the same if they had the chance, I would not believe them. Next day we had another drive in a different place, the guns being posted in machans in trees, but nothing worth shooting came along; a few hinds, some hog deer and pig were seen, but we let them go, as we were after tigers. In the evening we took a turn round after chincara, or anything we might see, and I knocked over a fine chincara buck with a smooth-bore at long range.

A very pleasant day was spent on the lake in front of the bungalow, shooting wild fowl. The Rajah had placed on this lake a small paddle-wheel craft, the motor power being supplied by coolies, who worked a sort of treadmill,

propelling the boat about three miles an hour. Teal and widgeon were plentiful but wild, and the bag was small.

On May 1 we were in the forest stalking, when a messenger arrived bringing news that a tiger had killed a bullock close to the camp; so we returned at once, and a beat was arranged, but, much valuable time being lost in preparation, it was three p.m. before we started. Arrived at the spot, we were posted in machans and the drive commenced, but the tiger was not forthcoming. We went to the place where the bullock had been killed, and saw where the tiger had sprung upon the poor beast and dragged the carcase to some rocks near by, where we found it, in a state of decomposition, partially devoured.

The next day we struck camp, and returned to Sutna, but, observing some blackbuck *en route*, we stopped the

carriage and tried a stalk. The antelopes were lying about on the skyline, and moved off. Hickley wounded a fine buck, and I killed another. We followed the herd into some jungle, but lost them. I started a big lot of pig and rolled one over at full gallop, but we had no time for more, though the jungle was full of game, as we had to catch a train at Sutna. The same evening we left for Bombay.

DUCK SHOOTING NEAR KARACHI

Duck Shooting near Karachi

THE port of Karachi is, for its size, one of the best in India, and in my opinion is far ahead of Bombay, for ships of deep draught cannot lay alongside the jetty at the latter place, which in the south-west monsoon is nothing but an open anchorage, whereas Karachi is at all times secure and sheltered from all winds, though the space is limited. First-rate duck shooting is to be had in the neighbourhood; also partridges, francolins, quail and hares.

To Mr. James, the Chief Commissioner of Sind, and Colonel Crawford, who

represented him whilst away on duty, we were indebted for a most delightful time and excellent sport.

Leaving Karachi by the night mail train, we reached a station on the Indus at daylight, where we found a steamer awaiting us, and in her we proceeded down the river for seventy miles to the Colonel's camp. On arriving at the rendezvous we found camels waiting to take us to the bungalow, where we met with a cordial welcome from our genial host. The same evening we had a walk round, bagging some partridges and quail, as it was too late to go after ducks.

The next morning we were early astir, and, mounting camels, we reached a large lagoon, thickly covered with reeds from ten to twenty feet high, with spaces of open water between—a perfect sanctuary for wild fowl. The guns were told off

in pairs, a boat to each pair, with a couple of natives to each boat; one poled in the stern, the other sat in the bow, ready to go overboard and retrieve the ducks as they fell. At the first shot clouds of ducks rose from the swamp, and the firing became general. The bow man was kept pretty hard at it; whenever a bird fell, overboard he went. The water was from knee to waist deep, and many ducks were lost, as if not dead they dived and held on to the weeds at the bottom, added to which a number of eagles shared in the sport, and pounced upon the ducks as they fell. However, there were plenty for all, and the result of the first day's shooting was eighty-seven ducks, including mallard, pintail, spotbill, shovellers, pochards, widgeon and teal.

The next day was devoted to general shooting, walking birds up in line, a

very pretty and varied day's sport, our bag comprising 24 francolin, 111 snipe, 46 quail and 2 hares.

We had two more days in the marshes, bagging 106 duck the first day, and 166 the second. The last day was the most sporting and enjoyable one I ever experienced. On this occasion Hickley and I were in a boat made of rushes, similar to the balsa of South America, a most comfortable craft, perfectly water-tight. The ducks kept getting up amongst the trees, and came over at a great pace, giving us splendid rocketing shots, and we bagged sixty-six in our boat, of which forty were mallards, and we lost many more from having no dog. Our native retriever worked well, and gathered many birds which would otherwise have been lost, and the eagles took their share. None of the game was wasted, as the Colonel had the birds sent down in

hampers to the ship, where they were much appreciated.

Our last day was devoted to general shooting, when 49 francolin, 90 snipe, 35 quail, 7 duck and 2 hares were bagged, making a total of 725 head for five days. This bag, though good enough to satisfy most sportsmen, is nothing to what is sometimes got in the same locality, and I heard of 400 to 500 ducks being killed in one day in a good season. But we were well content with our sport, and grateful to Colonel Crawford for his kindness and hospitality. Mounting our camels, we struck across country for the nearest railway station, and so returned to Karachi.

THE PERSIAN GULF AND BAGDAD

The Persian Gulf and Bagdad

THE port of Karachi is but a day's sail from the entrance to the Persian Gulf, a place which bears an evil reputation with naval officers, by reason of the heat and the monotonous nature of the service there. But being desirous of visiting this part of the station, I gladly availed myself of the offer of a beautiful paddle-wheel yacht, called the *Lawrence*, which the Indian Government most kindly placed at my disposal for the purpose, the *Boadicea* being of too deep a draught to go far up the gulf, and the smaller ships having no accommodation for an admiral's staff.

The *Lawrence* was admirably suited for the Persian Gulf, being a roomy, well-ventilated vessel, with spacious

cabins and saloons, and well equipped in all respects. The captain and officers belonged to the Indian Marine, a splendid service, and the crew were Lascars.

Our first port of call was Muscat, at the entrance to the gulf, a most miserable, dirty place, though the city has an imposing appearance from the sea. A couple of dilapidated forts command the entrance, and at one time two rival Sultans bombarded each other across the water; the forts still bear the marks of shot on their faces. A modern gunboat would easily dispose of them at the present time. Having exchanged visits with the Sultan, we stood across to Bushire, a Persian city, situated in the north-east corner of the gulf. This is also a wretched-looking place; the houses, built of mud hardened by the sun, give it the appearance of a deserted graveyard. The country is flat and

desolate, with a chain of distant mountains for a background.

Ships have to anchor three miles from the town, and as the sea breeze blows strong, landing is sometimes difficult. Thanks to Colonel Wilson, the political agent, our stay at Bushire was made most pleasant, until we left for Bussorah, a Turkish town on the west bank of the river Shat-el-Arab, and seventy miles from its mouth. The river Karun joins the Shat-el-Arab at Mohammerah. Some miles up the Karun, lions and deer are said to be plentiful. These Mesopotamian deer are the parent stock of our fallow deer. Francolin and snipe are plentiful in this locality. Bussorah is the principal town on the river; a small squadron of old Turkish gun-boats is there anchored, and the governor or wadi resides there. A considerable trade is carried on between the port and Bom-

bay, two lines of steamers being employed in the service. The river above Bussorah is too shallow for deep-draught vessels, and the trade is carried on from thence to Bagdad by flat-bottomed steamers of light draught.

The *Lawrence* being unable to go higher up, we were transferred to the *Comet*, a small vessel which Colonel Mockler, Her late Majesty's Consul-General at Bagdad, kindly placed at my disposal, and in her we proceeded up the river.

The next morning we reached the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, the supposed site of the Garden of Eden; but not wishing to delay then, as we intended to visit the place on our way down, we took the right branch and entered the Tigris. For the next few miles the scenery is most uninteresting; low marshy banks extend on either side, the home of millions of mosquitoes

and venomous flies, so it is advisable to push on and anchor for the night above this pestilential locality. Having passed the marshy district the banks are fringed with thorny brushwood, in which pig and francolin abound, so that we were able to enjoy an hour or two's shooting after anchoring for the night. An object of interest is Ezra's tomb, situated on a bend of the river; a few palm trees surround the site. The dome is beautifully enamelled with tiles of a turquoise blue, and forms a striking and conspicuous object in the otherwise monotonous scenery. The bends of the river at this part are so sharp that we landed and walked across so as to meet the steamer at a rendezvous higher up as she forced her way against the stream; and in this way we always managed to pick up a few francolin and perhaps a hare for the table.

A TRIP TO BAGDAD

A Trip to Bagdad

AT a village called Koot we stopped for a few hours to lay in provisions, and purchased some fine sheep with heavy brown fleeces for four rupees each. The natives were an insolent and repulsive-looking lot, so we did not land. This part of the country is well adapted for raising stock, and we noticed herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats on the pastures, attended by Bedouins, who shift their quarters as required. One evening we landed for our usual stroll with our guns, arranging a rendezvous where we should join the *Comet* further up the river; we had fair sport among

the francolins, and were approaching the ship about dusk, when we were astonished by a terrific fusillade, and, fearing the Bedouins had attacked the ship, we hurried on. A shower of rifle bullets greeted our approach, and presently two wild boars rushed up the bank and disappeared in the scrub. It seems that these boars were swimming the river, when those on board the *Comet* opened fire on them, and, being unaware of our proximity, continued firing as the pigs ran up the bank on a level with our heads. The next morning we landed for shooting, and again in the evening, bagging several brace of francolins and an enormous pig; but as our men were Mahommedans and would not touch pork, it had to be left to the jackals. The francolins resemble the black partridge of India, but are much finer birds, and excellent eating. On returning to

the ship after dark, having misjudged the distance and lost our way, we found that the ladies, escorted by the captain of the *Comet*, had gone off to visit the ruins of Ctesiphon, a very interesting relic, said to be the old palace of Darius, and possessing the largest arch in the world. The ruins, which are plainly visible from the deck of a ship, are in a good state of preservation. The next morning we arrived at Bagdad and anchored off the Residency. Bagdad is 600 miles by water from Bussorah, but very much less as the crow flies.

The first view of the city as one comes round the bend of the river is lovely, the morning sun lighting up the golden domes and minarets of the mosques. The Residency and European houses are on the east bank, and a bridge of boats, along which a stream of people, camels, horses, sheep and goats are con-

stantly passing, connects this part of the city with the western suburb.

Colonel Mockler most kindly placed his house at our disposal, and, as he was away from home, deputed Dr. Baker to entertain us, which he did most handsomely, showing us all the sights of the place during our limited stay. Like most Eastern cities, Bagdad is disappointing. The narrow, filthy streets, infested with beggars and dogs, are not inviting; smallpox is prevalent, and every other person seemed to be suffering from the scourge. The bazaars are well worth a visit, for beautiful silks, tapestries, and embroideries in gold and silver can be purchased at a reasonable price; but it is necessary to take a guide, and if there are ladies in the party they should be veiled, to prevent being insulted. At the time of our visit (March) the climate is delightful; the mornings and

evenings are quite fresh, and a ride in the country is most enjoyable, the desert at this season being carpeted with wild flowers, over which our horses, of pure Arab breed, galloped at the top of their speed with evident delight. Good duck shooting is to be had within easy drive of the city, but the ducks were not at home on the only day we were able to devote to them.

About six miles out from the city is the mosque of Kadhimain, the domes of which are covered with pure gold, and the minarets beautifully enamelled in green, blue and gold. It is a lovely object, and is guarded with great care; no European is allowed inside the mosque, and I was given a guard of soldiers to protect me whilst sketching it.

The ruins of Babylon are about sixty miles from Bagdad, but we had no time to visit them, and by all accounts did

not lose much. Many ancient tombs are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Bagdad; also the Tower of Babel, or what remains of it. The whole country bears evidence of having been at one time thickly inhabited, and signs of ancient grandeur are everywhere visible, especially along the rivers' banks, where are many ruins of temples and tombs, now in the last stage of decay and desolation.

The climate of Bagdad is said to be healthy, but in summer the heat is very great, and the Europeans live under ground in cellars, with wet tatties across the doors, and sleep on the flat roofs of their houses. This does not sound cheerful, and, to make matters worse, there is a very disagreeable complaint prevalent, called a "date mark" —or kind of boil—which attacks new comers, regardless of age or sex. It is

said to be due to drinking impure water, and is common in Aleppo and other Eastern cities.

A very curious conveyance is used for crossing the river, called a guppah, made of wickerwork covered with hide and coated with tar; it is perfectly round, like a Welsh coracle. A large one will hold a dozen men and a horse, and two men propel it with paddles working on opposite sides. The local trade is carried on in "buggaloes." These vessels are built at Bahrein, and are handsome craft with fine lines, and sail well. After four days' pleasant stay at Bagdad we re-embarked in the *Comet* and commenced the return journey, and, having a strong current with us, we made twelve knots an hour over the ground, so there was no time for shooting.

We stopped at Gurna, and landed to inspect the Garden of Eden, which may

be described as a fraud. There is nothing to see, but there is very good snipe shooting at the back of the village marking the site. The next morning we reached Bussorah, and transferred ourselves to the *Lawrence*, which had been waiting for us, and in her returned to Karachi.

SCANDINAVIA

Scandinavia

ALTHOUGH perhaps out of the reach of the ordinary naval officer on active service, Scandinavia offers sport of the highest order to those fortunate individuals who, either on duty or on half-pay, are able to wend their steps in that direction.

During the occasional visits of the Channel or Training Squadrons to the Norwegian fjords, the officers are sometimes able to get a little fishing, but that is all, and it is reserved for the veterans on half-pay to participate in the higher branches of sport in that glorious country —such as elk shooting in the forests, reindeer stalking on the high fjelds,

or "still" hunting for red deer, which abound on the island of Hilteren, and are still to be found on some parts of the mainland. Owing to the grasping demands of the proprietors of Scotch shootings and fishings, and the exorbitant rent charged, that country is almost closed to the average sportsman, or its sport can only be indulged in by millionaires; consequently their poorer brethren have of late years turned their thoughts to Scandinavia, where good all-round sport may still be obtained at a moderate rate if one knows where to go; for already the Norwegian agents, alive to their own interests, have bought up many of the best shooting and fishing rights, and sub-let them at double and treble the price that they could have been got some twenty years ago.

Moreover, the Norwegian Government have, with short-sighted policy, so re-

stricted the game laws as almost to have excluded British sportsmen from ryper shooting in that country, and in consequence many men are crossing the border into Sweden, where the laws are not so prohibitory. This narrow-minded policy is not calculated to improve the condition of the Norwegian farmers, who have largely benefited by the influx of English sportsmen of late years; but the salmon rivers in Norway still maintain their reputation, and large rents, almost as high as those in Scotland, still rule, and they will always command high prices, whereas the Swedish rivers are of no use for salmon fishing, being generally blocked by "fosses" at no great distance from the sea. Added to which the Swedish salmon, for some reason not yet explained, have not been educated to the fly, and refuse to take it. On the other hand,

the Swedish lakes abound with gigantic trout, which afford grand sport with fly, or minnow, spoon or dead spinning bait.

Having had the good fortune to have enjoyed every kind of sport with rod, rifle and gun in both Norway and Sweden, a few remarks on the same will, I hope, be acceptable.

To begin with elk, the noblest animal of the deer tribe. Elk shooting begins on September 1 in Norway, and is limited to three weeks; in Sweden to one week only. The season has been reduced in consequence of the wholesale destruction of elk by the farmers, who are not particular as to sex, age, or season; but the order presses hardly on the true sportsman who, scorning cows and calves, seeks only the lordly bull elk for the grand trophy adorning his head.

The Norwegian elk is, I believe, iden-

tical with the moose of Canada, although some sportsmen maintain that he is not. An adult male, standing 17 hands at the withers, weighs as much as 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., and is a noble, though ungainly-looking animal.

In the forests of Canada and Nova Scotia the moose is hunted and killed by "calling," an accomplishment well known to Indians, but which few Englishmen possess. In Norway and Sweden calling has never to my knowledge been attempted, and the elk is hunted by well-trained dogs in a leash. Having entered the forest on the lee side, the hunter walks quietly up wind looking for fresh spoor till the dog shows signs of winding a beast, when he will take the hunter direct to the quarry; the dog is never loosed, but when he shows by his excitement that the game is close, the sportsman must move silently for-

ward, until he either gets a shot or puts the elk away.

But to relate my own experience. Starting one morning from our shooting-box, with Christian Fiskum, a smart young Norwegian, and his dog Bismarck, we proceeded down wind for a couple of hours or so, and then turned up wind and entered the forest. We had not gone far when Bismarck showed signs of winding something; the bristles on his back were erect, and he strained violently at the leash. We followed cautiously, till at length the old dog laid down, and, sniffing about, told us as plainly as he could that an elk was near, but we could not exactly place him. Fiskum was now greatly excited, and wanted me to make a detour, so as to give the dog the wind, but I objected. Whilst we were arguing the point in whispers, I saw an elk's horn

rise from the bracken not fifty yards off. Fiskum also saw it, but it disappeared, and nothing more could be seen for several moments. I cocked the rifle and waited. Presently the horn reappeared, and again mysteriously vanished. I made up my mind, if it again showed, to chance a shot, fearing that the beast would get our wind and bolt, as frequently happens, when the opportunity is lost. For the third time that horn showed itself, and I fired, aiming a little below, where I thought the body might be. As I pulled the trigger, up rose a gigantic beast as big as a horse, and, twisting round like lightning, gave me a glimpse of his broadside. I fired again, and, as the smoke cleared away, I saw a magnificent bull elk standing stern on. Cramming in another cartridge, I aimed at the back of his head, which just showed clear of his rump.

The bullet went true, and the elk fell dead to the shot. We found that the first bullet had struck him in a vital spot; the second had evidently missed, having probably glanced off a tree. The elk was stone dead, a splendid trophy, with a grand head of sixteen points and a heavy body, giving Christian and myself all we could do to turn him over to gralloch him.

Bismarck was frantic, and rushed in to receive his share of the spoil. Highly pleased with our success, we returned to the Jact Hus, and so ended my first experience of elk hunting in Norway. I believe I am not exaggerating in estimating the weight of a full-grown bull elk at eighty stone; indeed, I have the authority of Sir Henry Pottinger for saying so. Sir Henry is one of the oldest sportsmen in Norway, and has probably killed more elk than any man. It is,

however, difficult to calculate the exact weight of a beast, as the carcase has to be brought in in sections. The day after my adventure we sent a horse and sleigh, which made two trips, and the head was brought in separately. My hunter assured me he got 600 lbs. of meat off this elk.

But let no one suppose that elk shooting is always as easy as on this occasion; a man may go out for days together and not see a beast, and if it be calm, as it often is in those dense forests, it is very difficult to get a shot, as elk lie down in the heat of the day in the depths of the forest, and hearing the slightest sound make silently away. Moreover, their scent is so acute, and the currents of air so variable, they are very apt to get a man's wind long before he is anywhere near them.

If an elk be wounded badly, it is

sometimes advisable to let loose the dog to bring him to bay, but this should not be done if it can be avoided, as unless very badly wounded an elk will travel for miles, and never be seen again. A good elk dog is worth a lot of money to his owner, and often cannot be bought at any price. Wolves are very destructive to both elk and reindeer, killing the calves and driving the old ones out of the country.

In Sweden, where, as already stated, the law only permits elk hunting during the first week in September, elk ought to be increasing, but I am not sure if such is the case, as the law is difficult to enforce in remote districts.

Red deer (*Cervus elephas*) are indigenous to Norway, and may still be found on the mainland in the vicinity of the Hardanger and Sogne Fjords, where big stags are occasionally killed

by the farmers ; but to find them in any quantity one must go to the islands, notably on Hitteren, a large island lying off the entrance to the Trondhjem Fjord.

Hitteren has for many years been leased by Englishmen, and grand sport has been obtained thereon, but of late years it is said to have deteriorated. As my experience applies solely to this island, I will relate some of my adventures there, going back some twenty-three years, when I visited Norway for the first time. One dark night in September I was put ashore from a Norwegian steamer, on what I believed to be the mainland of Hitteren, but after groping about and stumbling over boulders, I found it was an outlying islet, where I had to remain till daylight, when a boat fetched me and landed me at Havn. Havn is the principal settle-

ment of Hitteren, and a port of call for the steamers. From thence I hired a boat with four strong Norsemen, and rowed to the south end of the island, twenty-eight miles distant, and put up at a farmhouse, which became my head quarters for the next three weeks. Here I hunted with indifferent success, though I worked hard; but that part of the island was not suited for deer, and I only succeeded in bagging three stags during that time.

I met with some friends at Havn, father and son, both keen sportsmen, and we agreed to leave for England by the same steamer on a given day. So when the time arrived for my departure, I started on my return. I must explain that the centre of the island, where Havn is situated, is the best locality for deer, being more thickly wooded than either of the extremes, which are bare and rocky.

As we coasted along I could not but be struck by the inviting appearance of the ground. So, knowing that my friends had left off stalking, and were waiting in their snug farmhouse for the steamer, I thought I would do a little prospecting on their ground. With this view I landed with a Norwegian hunter, directing the boat to pick us up some miles further on. It was now rather late in October, and the rutting season was well advanced. We had not gone far in the forest when we heard a stag roar. The Norseman immediately put his hands to his mouth, and so exactly imitated the roar of the stag that the challenge was repeated much closer to us. After they had roared defiance to each other some three times we saw a splendid stag running through the forest towards us. Dropping on one knee, I cocked the rifle, and when the stag stopped and turned

broadside, waiting for the next challenge, I let him have it. He moved a few steps forward, when I gave him the second barrel. The stalker said he was hit, and, running forward, we found him dying; so, giving him his *coup de grace*, we cut off his head—a magnificent one of eleven points—and made tracks for the boat. Darkness was coming on, so we had no time to gralloch him, and we reached Havn long after dark.

My two friends were greatly excited over my good sport, and questioned me very closely as to where I had killed the beast. They had done very well, but not one of their heads could compare with mine. I felt rather guilty, knowing that I had been poaching on their ground, and when we got on board the steamer I made a clean breast of it.

"We knew it!" they both exclaimed;

"we knew that stag well, and have been after him for weeks," said the elder one, "and Bob—that's my son—had a shot at him only last Sunday. I am glad you got him, although you poached him on our ground. You must come and see us in Ireland."

And so I did. And the friendship thus made with these two warm-hearted sportsmen only terminated with their death—for, alas! both father and son have joined the majority.

In connexion with this episode, a rather amusing—I had almost said tragic—affair happened, for when we were ready to embark, and our traps packed, the steamer stopped off Havn, and blew her whistle; but we were unable to get on board, as our host, a surly Norwegian farmer, refused to launch his boat, but looked on at our vain endeavours, smoking his pipe, and thinking it a good

joke, his object being to keep us longer as paying guests. It was most aggravating, to say the least of it, and we had to remain in his house four days longer, till the next steamer came in, when we got the boat launched and got aboard.

I cannot help thinking, however, that the laugh was not altogether on his side, for some time after we got home I heard that, on the farmer applying a match to his stove, there was a terrific explosion! It was rumoured that the stove had been salted, but, though careful inquiries were made, the perpetrators of the "outrage" were never discovered!

Deer are killed in Hitteren by two methods, either stalking them or "still-hunting" in the woods, or by driving. The former is the more sportsmanlike way, but is not so easy, as the deer

lie very close during the heat of the day, only feeding in the early morning and the evening, and the silence is so complete in the forest that an animal can almost always hear the footstep of an approaching sportsman—be it ever so stealthy—and slip away. Consequently there is not much chance, unless it is blowing hard, when one may come upon them at any moment. It is therefore necessary to be continually on the alert, with rifle in hand. I lost a chance at a good stag from neglecting this precaution whilst hunting in the dense forest on the south side of the island. I might be excused for not having the rifle in my own hand, seeing that I had followed in the steps of my hunter for a week without seeing a beast. The day was close, not a leaf stirring, and rain falling steadily, so the rifle was in its cover. Suddenly, without a second's warning,

a stag crossed in front of us not five yards distant. He was walking quite slowly, and took no notice of us. His footsteps made not the slightest noise on the soft wet ground, and before we recovered from our amazement he vanished like a phantom. My stalker and I looked at each other in blank dismay. I could not speak Norse, nor he English. We got the rifle out of the cover, and followed in the direction the stag had gone, but we saw no more of him. However, we hunted about, and presently saw another stag quietly feeding about 150 yards off. It clearly was not the same, as this was a red beast and the other was very dark. I dropped behind a fallen log, drew a bead on the stag and fired. As the smoke cleared away I saw his heels in the air; but on proceeding to the place we found nothing. Again the stalker and I looked

at each other like a pair of fools. Where could he have got to? I swear I saw him fall—it must be that phantom again. We searched around for several minutes, and were about to give it up in disgust, when I heard a groan, and, going to the spot, found the stag at the point of death. He was shot through the heart and had rolled down hill and was lying in a hole, where we might easily have missed him but for his dying cry.

Another very curious adventure befel me in Hitteren—one I have often related, which, though not generally credited, is perfectly true.

I was out alone for a stroll one day with my rifle, when I spotted a splendid stag standing under a tree. He had evidently either seen or heard something, but was not quite sure. I was dressed from head to foot in a grass-

green suit (Glen-tana mixture, given me by the late Sir Will Cunliffe Brooks), a capital colour for the woods. Sinking slowly to the ground, I put my glasses on the stag—a noble animal with a grand head, distant about 250 yards. I proceeded to crawl towards him, but when passing an open glade in the forest there was a sound as of a mighty wind directly overhead. Looking up, I beheld a splendid white-tailed eagle beating the wind within ten yards of me. The bird must have seen something unusual moving on the ground and swooped down on it, but, finding its mistake, recovered itself and rose again. I raised the rifle and covered the bird, which I could have easily shot, but did not fire. The action lost me my stag, for when I looked again it had gone; so I lost both eagle and stag.

There are many eagles in Hitteren,

and they do much damage amongst the farmers' lambs, red deer calves, grouse, etc. I have seen an eagle swoop three times at a deer calf; the little creature ran under its mother's belly each time, and thus saved itself. Driving the deer is reduced to an art in Hitteren; the farmers know the run of the deer, and post the rifles accordingly. I have killed some very fine stags in this way but it is rather monotonous waiting for two or three hours, and probably seeing nothing but hinds and calves. The old stags have from constant driving, become so cunning that they will seldom come forward to the guns, but lie low till the beaters have passed, and then sneak off in the opposite direction.

It is said that the old stags harbour on the mainland, and swim across the fjord in the rutting season, and I believe this to be the case, as few big stags are

seen till September, or even October, by which time the season for shooting them is over.

Altogether I consider that Hitteren is a disappointing place for sport, and I am sure that many sportsmen will endorse this opinion. This is due to the scarcity of stags, the undue proportion of hinds, which are never allowed to be shot, and, lastly, to the rapacity of the farmers, who have been so spoilt by wealthy tenants that they will not move under five kroners per head for a day's driving. Their terms for board and lodging are also extortionate, and their honesty is questionable.

The last time I was on the island, our "gammel" (old) port wine mysteriously disappeared. We knew the culprit, but could not prove it, so I left him a bottle as a parting present; and as a whole box of Cockle's pills, well

pounded, was mixed with the wine, I feel sure that my name will be long remembered on the island, and handed down by those simple folk as a benefactor to mankind. But it is not always safe to practise these jokes with the simple Norseman, and I heard of two sportsmen who, having been steadily robbed of their wine, determined to have their revenge.

They noticed that the sherry shrank daily in the bottle, although they drank none. So they replenished the bottle with some vile concoction, but still the shrinkage went on to their great amusement.

On the day of their departure they asked their man how he accounted for the disappearance of the liquor. "Oh," said he, "I always gave two glasses to the cook for the soup!"

REINDEER STALKING IN NORWAY

Reindeer Stalking in Norway

TO stalk the reindeer on the fjelds of Norway requires a man to have a strong constitution, and to be sound in wind and limb; in fact, in the prime of life. Not having had the opportunity of indulging in this fine sport when I was young and active, I will merely relate my very limited experience in this direction. Reindeer shooting begins, or used to, in Norway on September 1, by which time the storbucks have shed the velvet on their horns and are in prime condition. A licence is required, costing, I think, £15. Be that as it may, I found myself one August camped in a farmhouse with my brother, in a remote valley situated

some 3,000 feet above the sea. We had had good sport with rod and gun, fishing in lake and river for trout and grayling, and shooting ducks and ryper for the pot, but had no intention of going after reindeer.

At the back of our farmhouse rose a rugged bald-faced mountain, covered with boulders and low scrub at its base. We had always wished to explore this mountain — which my brother had negotiated some years before, on which occasion he had come face to face with a big reindeer stag—so one Sunday we started, taking my little ·400 Express rifle as a measure of precaution in case of meeting with a bear. A stiff climb of a couple of hours brought us to the top, and glad we were to rest and have a little refreshment at a burn. I was just lifting my flask to my lips, when my brother remarked, " It was by those

rocks yonder "—pointing to some rocks about 150 yards away—"that I saw a stag five years ago." I glanced in the direction, and lo! there was a reindeer looking at us. It was too tempting. I seized the rifle and fired; the deer was standing end on, and I missed. Down the mountain-side he bolted at full gallop, scattering the stones in all directions. I crammed in another cartridge and rolled him over with a ball through the heart. This was a pretty good beginning for a Sunday stroll, but worse remains to be told. Having gralloched the deer and made a cairn over the carcase, we went a little further on to spy a valley and have a quiet pipe. Whilst enjoying the soothing weed I happened to turn my glasses on the sky line, when to my amazement I saw seven or eight deer trotting towards us; they were all hinds, but presently there fol-

lowed a splendid stag, whose horns showed up like the branches of a tree against the clear sky. The wind was blowing diagonally towards us, and as we were lying down and dressed in stalking clothes the colour of the stones, it was unlikely the deer would either wind or see us. Nor did they, for they trotted on till they were within easy rifle range, and then spread out to feed.

Drawing a bead on the stag, which stood broadside on about 120 yards distant, I pulled the trigger; up went all their heads, but, seeing nothing, they did not move, giving me time to reload. Taking a more careful aim, I again fired, and the big stag dropped to the shot, a magnificent prize. We gralloched the beast and cut off his head; this we concealed under a rock, and made tracks for the farmhouse, which we reached by sundown. The

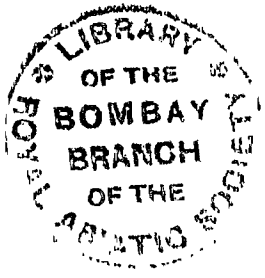
question now was how to get the meat down, so after supper we got our host in, and my brother, who speaks Norse, explained the situation—how the admiral had been charged by a reindeer stag, and had to shoot in self defence. Old Peter's face was a sight; visions of meat for his winter's store floated through his brain. What cared he for licences or close seasons? He said he would have the carcase down that night. My brother described the exact locality, and before we parted for the night he explained that another "accident" had occurred, and another stor-buck would be found at no great distance from the first. To cut a long story short, Peter made three trips that night, and brought down the whole of the meat and the heads, which were safely stowed in his ice-house before the sun was up. As a sequel to this rather scandalous story, about

a week after this adventure my brother and I were enjoying our midday meal, feasting on reindeer steaks, when who should drive up to the door but the "Lendsman," an official in Norway who looks after woods and forests, issues game licences, etc. We invited him to join in the repast, which he willingly did, partaking freely of the venison, which he pronounced excellent; in fact, "quite equal to reindeer." My brother explained that sailors, like Rebecca, had the art of disguising mutton so as to resemble venison, with which yarn our friend seemed perfectly satisfied.

Many of the so-called wild reindeer belong to the Laps, and, having strayed from the herd, become wild. These deer are all ear-marked, and we heard long afterwards that a Lap laid claim to our beast, and was looking for the man who shot it, but I am bound to

say that no ear-mark was found on my stag.

The reindeer of Norway and Sweden is said to be identical with the caribou of Newfoundland, but the latter has more massive antlers, due probably to better feeding and more shelter in the woods.


LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE

SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY

Salmon Fishing in Norway

THE capture of the Salmo salar in Norway may be divided into two methods—casting and harling. There can be no question as to which is the most sportsmanlike. Having enjoyed both, I will relate my experiences. In the large rivers, such as the Namsen, casting, except in some parts, is impracticable—one might as well cast in the sea; the river is so broad, one could do nothing from the banks, and therefore harling is necessary, and is not to be despised. The fish, averaging about twenty-three pounds, are strong and lively, and though there may be no skill

in hooking them; for they hook themselves, it requires skill to play them, and good tackle to hold them. The procedure is as follows: A boat, manned by two skilled boatmen, is required, three rods are rigged up, one over the stern and the other two on each quarter, at right angles to the keel, and the lines are marked, generally to twenty-five yards, so that each bait or lure is about the same distance astern. On one line is a salmon fly, on the second a spoon, and on the third a minnow.

The sportsman, having seen his tackle clear for running, with a stone on the bight of the line, so as to give the necessary strike to the fish, sits himself down in an easy chair, lights his pipe, and waits events. The boatmen do the rest. Rowing from bank to bank against the stream, they cover every yard of water, the boat dropping slowly down stream, till sud-

denly there is a crash, the stone is unshipped, the reel spins, and the sportsman, who has probably been dozing, seizes the rod, while the after hand ships his oar and winds up the other two rods. Then the fun begins. The fish, straight from the salt water, dashes off at a terrific rate, generally up stream, making the reel spin, and taking off maybe 100 yards or more. Finding this useless, he springs out of the water, calling forth an exclamation from the boatmen, "Meget—stor—lax" (very big salmon). If the fish has not got rid of the hook in his leap, off he goes again, probably straight for the sea; and so the merry dance goes on, familiar to all salmon fishers, till the gaff settles the matter, and the fish is knocked on the head, the rods replaced, and the same tactics repeated.

Harling is fishing made easy, an old

gentleman's sport, but very enjoyable, nevertheless. How different is casting in a strong Norwegian river! Those who have only fished in Irish or Scotch rivers cannot realize the sport or know what butting a salmon means until they have tried it in one of those glorious foaming rivers. I have killed many salmon in Scotland, and never in my recollection have had fifty yards of line taken off the reel, and generally gaffed the fish in ten minutes. Tweed salmon in November give no more sport than do pike, in fact, it is a shame to kill them; but given a fresh run Norse salmon in June or July, and a man will have his work cut out. I have had every yard of line taken off the reel in the Namsen, and been broken, with treble gut, although the boatmen did all they could to follow the fish.

But for downright hard work and butting extraordinary, commend me to

Hooper's Pool, at the head of the Stryn River, in the Nord-Fjord. At this place the water rushes out of the Stryn Lake at the rate of some fourteen miles an hour; the fish congregate below the bridge, and if one chances to hook one of them the only thing to be done is to hold on, for below are rapids and fosses, where no tackle could hold a fish.

I remember hooking a twenty-five pounder in that spot. I was wading, and a Norwegian was holding on to me to prevent my being carried off my legs in the strong water. The fish made desperate efforts to get into mid-stream, where the current ran strongest, and I was equally determined to prevent him —not an inch of line should he have. The rod (one of old Blacklaw's, of Kincardine-O'Neil) bent double, and the strain was awful. I held on above the

reel with both hands. Something must go; but I had a good hook and treble gut. Again and again a few yards would slip, to be speedily regained, and at last, after half an hour's fight, the gallant fish showed his side, the gaffer waded out and had the steel into him, and I sank exhausted on the bank, my hands trembling so that I could hardly lift the flask of whisky to my lips. Three times I hooked fish in that pool, and lost none; but it was too hard work to be pleasant, and I prefer a grassy bank where one can follow a fish and kill him without such terrible exertion.

My friend George Beck had also an exciting time above the bridge at Hooper's Pool, having hooked an enormous fish in very strong water, and he held on to him for some time, till at last the reel line broke. Admiral Sir

H. Fairfax had a similar experience, and was twice broken below the bridge.

Prawn fishing is practised with considerable success in the Stryn. Many fish which will not look at a fly are tempted with this bait, and it requires some skill to work it properly, otherwise the only thing hooked is the bottom.

I had a very curious adventure whilst fishing with a prawn. Having hooked, as I believed, the bottom, and being unable to extricate, and averse to breaking my tackle, I handed the rod to Neils, the gaffer, to try what he could do. As he fared no better than I, I reluctantly gave him the order to break. With this intention he lowered the rod, got in all the line he could, and bore steadily back, when, just as we were expecting the final smash, out sailed a splendid fish, which had been on all the time, quietly munching the prawn!

Now this seems incredible, because no fish could stand such a strain without indignant protest, and the only way I can account for it is that the lead which was attached to the line a couple of feet or so above the prawn got jammed between some rocks; so the prawn was free, thus enabling the fish to enjoy his repast unmolested until the lead got clear, when he must have had a nasty jar. I killed the fish after a hard struggle.

The Stryn River is celebrated for holding not only very heavy salmon, but also trout of gigantic size. These fish, sometimes called sea-trout, are probably bull-trout, or a cross between the two. Their origin is somewhat obscure, and sportsmen differ in opinion as to their true nature. They are certainly not true sea-trout, but they are handsome, game fish, and may be easily

mistaken for salmon, except for the spots below the median line. In flavour they are far inferior to either salmon or sea-trout. They take a fly or minnow, and fight hard for a few minutes and then cave in.

The largest we got of this species was 19 lbs., but we killed several of 9 lbs. and 10 lbs. Bull-trout are considered a nuisance in salmon rivers, and it is well known that if allowed to increase they will drive salmon away, so they are exterminated in every possible way, by nets or otherwise.

Some old sportsmen affect to disdain all methods of fishing except with fly; but with all deference to their opinion, I beg to differ, and maintain that the best fisherman is the one who gets a hook into the fish's mouth, be it fly, minnow, spoon or worm. I draw the line at "snatching" or "stroke-

hauling," although I must admit it is grand sport when you cannot get them any other way. At least, so I am given to understand.

Three fine salmon rivers discharge themselves into the Nord-Fjord — the Stryn, the Löen and the Olden. Of these the first and last are the best, the Löen being only good for bull-trout; the other two are leased by Englishmen. All these rivers are glacier fed, and are consequently independent of rains or drought. The waters are of a lovely greenish blue tint, and at the head of each is a magnificent glacier—spurs of the great Justerdal Glacier, the largest in Europe.

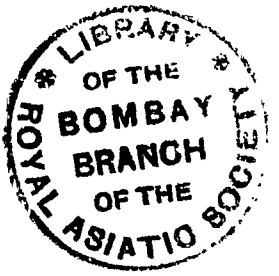
The scenery in the Nord-Fjord is grand and beautiful, and is justly considered second to none in any part of Norway. It is a famous resort for artists and tourists, and several lines of steamers

call there regularly during the summer months.

Many of the Norwegian salmon rivers are now taken up by agents in Bergen, who let them out to Englishmen at four times their original cost. Fortunate are those who, having secured their rivers on long leases, are independent of these gentlemen.

The southern rivers are tolerably free from mosquitoes, but as one gets further north these pests increase, and on the Tana, the Reisen, and other rivers beyond the Arctic circle they are by all accounts quite as bad as in Newfoundland, which is saying a good deal.

TROUT FISHING IN SWEDISH LAKES AND RIVERS



Trout Fishing in Swedish Lakes and Rivers

SALMON fishing in Norway has in the last season,[1] I understand, proved a failure owing to lack of water, and I hear of many sportsmen returning from that country in disgust. But the causes which have proved so disastrous in Norway do not apply equally to Sweden, where the trout fishers have had a gay time of it. My friends who have been kind enough to fish my water in Sweden made a record bag, though by last accounts they were wanting rain badly, the lake and river having fallen lower than they have been for the last dozen years; consequently, al-

[1] 1901.

though the fish are there, they get stale, and do not rise to the fly so readily as they did during the first week, when the bag showed over 400 lbs. of trout, ranging from 1 lb. to 5 lbs., all caught on fly, the best evening's catch being sixty-eight fish, weighing 71½ lbs., which would be hard to beat in any country. Of course I am speaking of brown trout, for I have myself killed 1 cwt. of sea trout in one afternoon in Newfoundland.

The large lakes of Sweden, though connected with the sea (most of them falling into the Gulf of Bothnia), are inaccessible to salmon and sea trout, by reason of the numerous fosses intervening; consequently the brown trout, char and grayling have the water all to themselves, and, having plenty of feed, attain to a prodigious size, fish of 20 lbs. and even 30 lbs. weight having

been killed in some of the larger lakes. In the water of which I speak we have not so far killed trout over 10 lbs. in the lake, and 9½ lbs. in the river,[1] but larger fish have been taken in nets, or speared by poachers on the spawning beds.

These large trout do not, as a rule, rise to the fly on the lakes, but take a natural bait, spoon or minnow. They fight splendidly, and in quite a different way from a salmon. Being generally hooked in deep water, they make for the bottom, and it requires a stiff rod and strong tackle to lift them, when, as soon as they see the boat, down they go again, until the net or gaff puts an end to the game. In the river it is salmon fishing in miniature, the fly only being used, and a fish of 7 lbs. or 8 lbs. gives fine sport on a light rod.

[1] This was on the fly.

Char, the most beautiful of the "salmo" species, are plentiful and give fair sport, and are excellent for the table. They average about 1½ lbs. and we have taken them up to 4 lbs; I have heard of them being caught in nets as large as 8 lbs., but as the farmers do not weigh their fish, this statement may be taken *cum grano*. Char are, I believe, found in the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, where they run to about ¼ lb.; but these sprats can in no way compare with their noble representatives in the waters of Scandinavia, with their golden bellies, silvery sides, and scarlet fins tipped with white. The Scandinavian char differ in appearance in some lakes, being much darker, and quite black on the back. In the breeding season the bright colouring becomes more pronounced. I have heard of Arctic char running up to 9 lbs. and

10 lbs., but I have never caught them so large as that.

Our fish are all carefully weighed and recorded, and those over 5 lbs. are traced out on cardboard, painted, and form a handsome frieze round the sitting-room, the names of the sportsmen being appended underneath. As an encouragement to our guests I have had the following inscription painted large over the entrance porch of my house. The result is eminently satisfactory :—

"The fisherman goeth forth in the early morning,
Disturbing the whole household.
He returneth in the evening, when
The smell of whisky is upon him,
And the truth is not in him."

These big lake trout are not to be confounded with the ugly black brutes called salmo ferox which are often taken in the lakes of Scotland ; they must belong to a different species, for the

Swedish trout is a lovely creature of bright orange, thickly covered with brown and vermilion spots. Others, again, are as silvery as salmon, and can only be distinguished from salmon by the black crosses below the medial line. They are dark red inside, and most excellent for the table, either fresh or kippered. They are all cannibals, and prefer a small trout to any other bait.

Rainbow trout have been introduced to some of the larger lakes, notably at Ostersünd, where they have attained a gigantic size. I have introduced a few thousand into our lake; but sufficient time has not elapsed to ascertain the success of the operation. In some of the Swedish lakes at least six different kinds of fish exist, viz., trout, pike, perch, char, grayling, and a kind of fresh-water herring locally called sik. The latter are of no use for sport, but are

caught in nets and salted. The question of the senses of fish has often exercised the minds of fishermen. I am of opinion that the senses of smelling and hearing are strongly developed, though, as regards the latter, I should suppose that the reverberation of sound affects them more acutely. All fishermen know how thunder affects fish and keeps them down; in like manner the rattle of oars must appeal to them; any one who has tried the experiment must know how noises are transmitted by water. I once tried this in a swimming bath, with a friend of mine. We entered the bath at opposite ends, each of us supplied with stones which, when clicked together, could be distinctly heard beneath the water, though not above it. I have no doubt that we could have heard it just as well if we had been separated by a mile instead of some fifty yards.

As to the vision of fish there can be no question, for the smallest fly must be very plainly seen on the surface; every swimmer and diver knows that, and a salmon or grilse fly darting through the water must be a tempting object.

In many of the vast lakes of Sweden, such as Venner and Fœmundsee, there is a fish—known as the venner-lax or salmon—so like the salmo salar, that it is possible that salmon may have at some remote period inhabited these waters, and by some convulsion of nature been shut off from the sea, and thus have become land-locked salmon, and accommodated themselves to their altered conditions. Another theory is that salmon spawn may have been carried up to the inland waters by sea birds, and when one considers the enormous number of loons (northern divers)

which make their home on the lakes during the summer and breed there, the idea is not improbable.

These handsome birds abound on our lake, and are protected by me, though not by law; indeed, there is a reward for killing them, on account of the amount of fish they eat. Every evening I see them flying home with trout in their bills, often wriggling; but there are millions of fish, enough for them as well as for me, so I never molest them.

Fish eagles also take their toll, but I like to see them, and so long as they leave our chickens alone they are welcome. Great eagle owls, with eyes as big as teacups, glare at us in the depth of the forest; no doubt they do kill a few ryper (grouse), but I never lift a gun to hurt them. I think the custom of ignorant gamekeepers in shooting every hawk and owl they see is much

to be deprecated, and accounts in a great measure for the grouse disease.

In the forests and fjelds of Sweden are to be found capercailzie, black game, ryper and hjerpen (a tree grouse), woodcock, snipe and double snipe ; and ducks of many kinds frequent the rivers and lakes. As the winter draws on and the lakes are frozen the latter migrate to the South, returning to their breeding grounds in May and June The fishing season in Sweden embraces June, July, August and September. The ice breaks up about the middle of May, and the fish are not in condition before the middle or end of June, and by September 15 the spawning season begins. But for those four months the sport is excellent and the climate superb. In June and July it is perfectly light all through the night, and is usually so hot that it is only possible to begin fishing at eight p.m.

and continue till midnight or the small hours of the morning; indeed, the rise usually commences at about eleven p.m.

But besides the attractions of sport there are many expeditions to be made to view the beautiful scenery of that favoured land. Though not so grand or rugged as Norway, Sweden possesses a charm of its own in its lovely lakes, foaming rivers and waterfalls, dense forests, and mountains capped with snow. A delightful expedition can be made from Hjerpen, on the main line of railway from Trondhjem to Stockholm, crossing the great Kall Lake by steamer to Itter-Eng, where good accommodation can be had. A short but very swift river connects the lakes Julven and Kall at Kallstrom, in which are trout of gigantic size. Some years ago a record bag was made on this river by an Englishman, but the fishing has deteriorated.

I only once fished it, when I caught an enormous brute in very bad condition; he must have been very old, and would have weighed over 20 lbs. in his prime, but only scaled 10½ lbs. I was so ashamed of his loathsome appearance that I cut off his head and took it back to the farmhouse as a trophy. My man was explaining to the lendsman, who happened to be there, about the fish, when the lendsman remarked, "So the fish got away after all." Many of the rivers are ruined by logs, completely barring the stream, and the fish are poisoned by the bark.

The Swedes are not sportsmen, and their only idea of fishing is with an otter, which is now prohibited by law. Nevertheless, they are a good sort, a kindly, civil-spoken people, not as yet spoilt, as are so many Norwegians (whom they detest). The peasantry are honest in

their dealings—at least, so I have found them—but given to drink. Sweden is a grand country for a poor man fond of sport; he can live like a prince on £200 a year, and enjoy such sport as would cost him a thousand in the old country, and as such I recommend it to retired naval officers, who as a rule cannot afford the luxury of deer forests and grouse moors in Scotland. There are millions of acres of land and water as yet unexplored in Sweden, ready for the sportsman to prospect.

DEER STALKING IN SCOTLAND

I.

Deer Stalking in Scotland

I.

IT may be said with truth that the above title forms no part of a series of articles on *Sport in the Navy*, seeing that deer stalking in Scotland is the luxury of the rich, and that few naval officers have had the good fortune to have participated in it. Thanks to many kind friends I have been one of the few, and my adventures in that line of sport may be of interest to brother officers. Going back so far as the year 1867, I well remember killing my first stag at Erchless Castle, then rented by the late Sir Greville Smyth, whose death only a short time ago will be deplored by a

large circle of friends, for a kinder host or a better sportsman never handled a rifle. My stag was a "Hummel," or hornless one, and curiously enough I have never seen one since. However, horns or no horns, it was all the same to me, and I was very proud of him; and on my return to the castle I was relating the incidents of the stalk to the assembled guests, when one of them, G. King Harman, wrote the following lines, which describe the event in nautical terms far better than I can. So I make no apology for reproducing them here :—

THE LAY OF THE MODERN MARINER.

(A Yarn of the Hummel Stag.)

YE MARINER DISCOURSETH.

"Shiver my timbers! bless my dear heart!
Here's an occasion for swagger and brag!
Scuttle my binnacle! here's a rum start!
Fancy Bill Kennedy killing a stag!

Very soon after three bells had struck,
Jemmy and I for the forest were bound;
Splicing the mainbrace to wish ourselves luck,
We took observations and scanned the whole ground.

'Is there a stag in the offing?' says I,
'Devil a tail,' says old Jemmy Macrae;
Off then we started a fresh port to spy,
Cruising and tacking the whole of the day.

Come to an anchor at six bells at last,
All hands to dinner! we pipe away now,
Jemmy cried out from the top of the mast—
'Stag ho! two miles off upon the port bow.'

Hoisted our sails, and the anchor we tripped,
First having well double shotted the gun;
Up and down hills we climbed, scrambled, and slipped—
Now hands and knees, and now hard on the run.

Going down hill about seventeen knots,
Soon I was hailed by old Jemmy Macrae:
'Where are ye ganging? the pace is too hot;'
So I hove to immediately under the brae.

Peeping quite cautiously over the brow,
There half a cable's length off lay the deer;
'Run out your gun,' says old Jem from the bow,
'Fire right into him when he is near.'

First shot I gave him 'twixt water and wind,
Up jumped the stag, and when just on the turn
I managed to rake him again from behind,
And sunk him at length with a shot in the stern.

Needless to say how we spliced the mainbrace
Once and again—I and Jemmy Macrae;
Both were uncommonly red in the face
Ere we returned to the castle that day.

One thing alone in our stag wasn't right—
Devil a spar on his head could be twigged.
My last word to Jem as I bade him good-night
Was 'Mind that the next is a bit better rigged.'

That night, as I entered this yarn in the log,
Wasn't there chaffing and fun, and (dear eyes)
Didn't the land lubbers push round the grog,
Drinking success to Bill Kennedy's prize?"

—K. H.

Since then I have killed many deer in Scotland, often two, and sometimes three, in a day. This may be no great

feat for a man who owns a deer forest, and who can choose his time and ground, but is good enough for the guest who is not usually sent to the best beat, nor with the best stalker. At Erchless I used generally to be sent to the "corries," a terribly hard beat, and with but a poor chance of a stag; but I had some glorious days there with John Campbell, the stalker, and on another beat, called the "saddle," with old Thomas. I also missed some good chances, owing to lack of experience and bad shooting, for in those days I was young at the business.

I remember that on one disastrous day with Campbell we spied some deer in a corrie, among them seven stags, which we proceeded to stalk. They were in a difficult position, and could not be approached from below. We therefore made a detour, and got above

them, and then began a terrible stalk down a precipitous fall. Campbell was leading—crawling like a serpent on his belly—and so steep was the incline that I picked up his knife and sundry articles which fell from his pockets. We made a grand stalk, and I got a broadside shot at the nearest stag, which fell all of a heap, and with the second barrel I knocked over a second at full gallop. So far so good ; but having my gun with me loaded with ball, I fired at a third. Campbell said it was hit, and bolted after it, taking with him the rifle ammunition and leaving me with an empty rifle. Presently I heard two shots, so, supposing he had bagged number three, I went down to look after my beasts. The first was dead, and I went on to the second, which was lying some way further off, but when I got close to him he scrambled on to his legs and moved off, and, though

I followed him some distance, I could not overtake him, and he got away. Campbell then joined me, having failed to get the third stag, and so we only got one. The second was found dead by the shepherd some days afterwards.

I had another unfortunate day with John's brother, Will Campbell. Whilst stalking in the corries we started a splendid stag, which rose from among some rocks on the sky-line and disappeared. We noticed that it had a broken hind leg, so we followed on the line, and presently spied him again lying down in a very difficult place to stalk. However, Will made a splendid stalk, and brought one up within five yards, so he whispered in my ear. I peeped over the rock and looked into a grey face, sunk down again, cocked the rifle, and when I looked again he was gone. Of course I ought to have shot at once, but I lost

the chance, and he was off without a sound, and the next we saw of him he was going across the plain below as fast as three legs could carry him. We followed for five miles, but he never stopped till he got to a loch, into which he plunged, and, swimming across, escaped on the other side.

One day I was out with old Thomas on the saddle. We were accompanied by a fat parson, who was making heavy weather of it up hill. I reached the top, and had my rifle bearing on a stag, but waited to give the parson a chance. The stag was beginning to move off, so old Thomas sung out, "Make haste, mon, before t'other —— comes up." I took his advice.

Old Thomas's contention was that a deer could smell a man a mile off, and a woman two. Whether this is the case or not I am not prepared to say, but

it is certain that one could wind old Thomas three miles off, for a more odoriferous old gentleman I never smelt; in fact, we had to take care always to keep to windward of him going up the hill. When he was sixty years old he contracted measles, and Sir Greville, with his usual kindness, sent him some choice hothouse grapes and a pine-apple from Ashton Court. On Sir Greville asking him how he liked the fruit, he said, "Weel, Sir Greville, the plums was good, but I didna think much of the turnip!"

I was out on another occasion with John Campbell. The dog-cart deposited us on the road, and drove off, when we found to our dismay that the rifle had been left in the trap. However, I had my gun and a few ball cartridges, so we went up the brae to try our luck. A thick fog enveloped the mountains, and we could not see fifty yards, so we sat

and smoked under the lee of a rock, hoping for it to clear away, which it presently did, but only for a moment, during which we saw some deer in the valley below. Then the fog came on as thick as ever. We decided to try to get to close quarters, and, the wind being favourable, we cautiously descended till Campbell said we must be close to where we had seen the deer. We then sat down, when suddenly a hind came out of the mist close to us, and, not seeing us, began feeding. She was followed by a stag, which I promptly bowled over with a ball through the neck, much to John's delight.

Among the guests at the castle was one old sportsman who was very keen and always claimed the right to take the stalk if a stag was spied, and it was decided to play him a joke. With this object a fine head was taken down from

the hall, and sent out overnight and placed in the heather. The next morning the stalker reported a "Royal" in sight and in a good place to get a shot. The "General," as usual, claimed the right, and, after some demur on the part of the others, was sent off after the stag, in charge of old Thomas, who had been squared. All hands turned out to see the sport. Old Tom did his work well, and led the General by a roundabout way to the stag. Bang went the rifle, followed by a second shot; up rushed Tom and seized the stag's head, which he lifted up, to the General's intense disgust. The best of the joke was, Tom pretended to have been taken in himself, and got a handsome tip; but the story got about, the General was furious, and left the castle next day.

DEER STALKING IN SCOTLAND

II.

Deer Stalking in Scotland

II.

SOME years later than the events already recorded I was staying at Braemore, the beautiful Highland home of the late Sir John Fowler, and as Sir John was unable to go out I was sent to the best beat with MacHardy, the head stalker. A stout hill pony carried me to the spying place, where I found MacHardy reconnoitring a herd of deer, among which were some fine stags. They were lying in a very exposed place, where it was impossible to get a shot either from above or below. We watched them till five p.m., when, as the light was waning, I asked the stalker what he

proposed to do. "There's not a man in Scotland who could get a shot at those beasts where they are; if we move from here they will see us," he replied. "Why not move them?" said I. He looked at me as much as to say, "You're an old poacher," and replied, "We have tried that before, and they will all go west." "Well, anything is better than stopping here till dark without getting a shot," I said, "and Braemore will not be pleased if I don't get one." "We'll try it whatever!" said Mac, and, sending for the gillie, he gave him directions in Gaelic. Away went Sandy, who presently showed himself on the sky-line, and in a moment every deer was on its legs, some going west and some east. Instantly MacHardy took in the situation and bolted down the hill, plunged into a burn, and tore down stream amongst boulders at such a rate I could hardly keep up with

him. His object was to reach a pass he knew the deer would make for. Suddenly he stopped, gave me the rifle, and said, "Take the black one, crossing the burn one hundred and twenty yards." I fired, the stag disappeared—missed, no doubt; but at that moment two other stags appeared above us. We now left the burn and followed on their track, but the deer caught sight of MacHardy's bonnet and bolted down the hill at full gallop. Handing me the riffe I fired right and left. "They're both hit," said Mac, and, seizing the rifle, he ran down the hill after them, whilst I watched the proceedings through my glass. The leading stag slipped on a rock, and I saw him turn a somersault into the burn. By this time MacHardy was on the spot and finished off both stags in the water, when I joined him. Having gralloched the deer he remarked, "I am not sure

if you hit the first stag; he is either dead or you missed him altogether. I'll go and see." We went together and found him stone dead. I had thus killed three good stags after five o'clock, one of eleven points, one of ten, and one of six. Such is the luck of deer stalking. I had another red letter day at Braemore some years afterwards.

The neighbouring forest of Inverlael was rented by an old messmate of mine, the late Lord Cavan, and he very kindly offered me a day in the forest. Before starting he told me that he had only one stalker, who went with him, and the only man he could give me was the gardener, who knew the ground, but was no stalker. Now the next best man to have with one on these occasions, if you can't have a real good one, is a fool, who knows nothing, so I was satisfied. We made an early start, and after

a pretty stiff climb reached the ground, and spied some beasts, among them a good stag, which we proceeded to stalk. We reached a rock within about 120 yards, when the idiot showed himself and put the deer away, then turning round to me said, "They're awa'!" and so they were, galloping as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. I fired at the stag and hit him on the flank, but he went on with the others; they all crossed a burn and ascended the opposite hill, the hinds leading, and the stag, making heavy weather of it, in the rear. I told the man to keep his glass on the stag, when he suddenly disappeared. Feeling now sure of him, we followed on their tracks, noticing some drops of blood on the stones at the burn, but though we searched the ground for an hour or more we never saw that stag again. The ground was interspersed

with huge boulders, and he must have dropped into a hole. In fact, years afterwards the head stalker told me he found the beast dead just where we had lost him. Much disgusted, we re-crossed the burn and had our lunch. Meanwhile, the clouds had been gathering, and the snow began to fall, slowly at first and in great flakes, but gradually increasing, and it was evident we were in for a heavy storm. We smoked our pipes and sipped raw whisky to keep out the cold, but it was melancholy work on the bleak hill side, with no companion but a sulky Highland gillie.

During a break in the storm I noticed some deer in a valley below, and I suggested going after them, but was told I could not go there as it was "his lordship's beat," so we smoked in silence till four p.m., when the storm was raging furiously and the snow reached up to

our thighs; it was also getting dark, so I said to my companion, "What's to be done?" "Go hame," said he. "Not if I know it," said I. "I am going to have a look at those stags." "You canna go there, it's his lordship's ground." "Where is his lordship?" "Gone hame, where you have got to go." "Well," said I, "you can stay here, I'm off," and shouldering my rifle I started down the hill through the blinding snow.

I hadn't gone far when I beheld a sight to gladden the eyes of a sportsman. A whole herd of deer, some forty or fifty, all stags, slowly winding up the mountain side, one noble fellow bringing up the rear. I was covered with snow from head to foot, and they didn't seem to notice me, so, dropping behind a stone, I opened fire on the big stag and heard the well-known thud of

the bullet. He turned away, and I devoted my attention to the rest, and put in five or six shots before they got out of range. By this time the stalker, hearing the firing, joined me, so, directing him to follow, I started after the herd, and presently spied a splendid horn protruding out of the snow, and the big stag lying dead. Leaving my companion to gralloch the deer, I followed on the trail of the herd. No blood was to be seen, but I soon came on another beast dead, and about 100 yards further on a third. I still followed on, and saw another staggering about, evidently very sick, but I could not overtake him, and being pretty well pumped, lost him in the darkness, so I retraced my steps and joined my companion, reaching the lodge by eight o'clock.

I had not done so badly—three stags dead and two mortally wounded, which

ought to have been got if I had had a decent stalker with me.

Cavan was very good about it; he gave me two of the heads, an eleven and a nine-pointer, and a couple of haunches, and when the deer were brought in next day he remarked, "By the bye, you were a *little* over my march, old chap!" And so ended the best day's stalking I ever had in Scotland.

My last adventure with red deer was rather extraordinary. I had been stalking at Braemore for a week, with fair success, having accounted for seven stags out of nine chances, and of course missed the easiest. On the last day I had killed a stag in the forenoon, and had been following another all the afternoon and killed it just as it was getting dark. The pony was brought up, and being averse to carrying deer, a coat was thrown over his head and the carcase

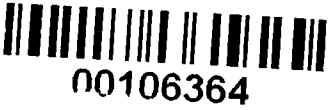
packed on. When all was ready the coat was removed, and away went the pony at full gallop, followed by the stalker and gillie, leaving me to find my way home as best I could. Next morning I heard that the pony had fallen and the stag's horn pierced his side and killed it.

Many more yarns could I tell of this most fascinating sport, but they all partake of the same nature, and would be monotonous. Of blank days, when one has lain shivering under the lee of a rock for hours, and failed to get a shot, of bad misses, and fluky shots; but such is the glorious uncertainty of deer stalking—like salmon fishing. Reduce it to a certainty, and there would be no sport in either.

But my days of deer stalking are drawing to a close; with advancing years I find the hills get steeper, and though the

eye and hand may still be true, the wind fails, and the pumping of the heart warns one that no longer can one face the brae, pipe in mouth, as in days gone by. But the memory of those days will last, and as I glance at the trophies which adorn my den, and look into those solemn faces with their reproachful eyes, I can recall the scene, aye, the very spot, where I slew them, and all the details of the stalk which ended so happily for me, and hope that some at least of my shipmates may enjoy the delights of deer stalking in the Highlands of Scotland.

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.



Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019